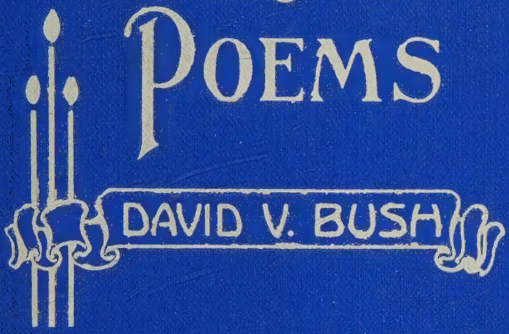
Inspirational Poems



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Bush, D. V.

Inspirational Poems

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D. V. Bush

INSPIRATIONAL POEMS

BY D. V. BUSH,
AUTHOR OF
"WILL POWER"
"PEACE POEMS"
"SOUL POEMS"
"PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST"

WITHDRAWN
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By
D. V. Bush

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

BUSH AND KIRK, PUBLISHERS—MIDCITY BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEDICATION

To all the heroes praised in song,
Who fought for right to down the wrong;
To ev'ry man who's filled with life,
And triumphs o'er oppressing strife;
To all who've fought and still do fight,
And bear the fray both day and night;
To ev'ry one in ev'ry zone,
Who's fighting bravely, yet unknown;
To ev'ry one that's fought and bled,
And suffered sore with bowed-down head;
To ev'ry one whose heart still bleeds,
Who's little praised for noble deeds;
This book I dedicate to you,
And hope its thought will help you through
Until you've reached the envied skies,
And snatched from life your sacred prize.

D. V. Bush.

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LIFT YOUR HEAD

Lift your head though bowed in pain—
You'll win!
The sun will blaze forth after rain—
You'll win!
The greatest souls on pain are fed,
They suffered most who strove and led,
So do your best and lift your head—
You'll win!

Debris is crushed ere coal is found,
Lift your head!
The gem must polished be, and ground,
Lift your head!
The gold's refined by fiercest fire,
The lily comes through slime and mire,
And man is made by battle's fire—
Lift your head!

If you are groping in the night,
Lift your head!
If you are going to quit the fight,
Lift your head!
A streak of light is in the blue,
A ray of sunshine's peeping through,
A joyous outcome is for you—
Lift your head!

TROUBLES THAT NEVER CAME

The bridges that I've often crossed
  Before they came in sight,
Have been of many, many kinds;
  Been grey, or black, or white.
I fancied many brutish ones,
  And many could not name;
I've had my many troubles, but
  The worst ones never came!

When squirrels get their nuts for food,
  They gather for a year,
And do not worry 'bout the next,
  For that they have no fear,
But man is not content today,
  He lives with troubled aim;
A-thinking 'bout the troubles past,
  And those which never came!

Some people build their mounts of care
  Of many sorts and kind,
Which like the bridges that they build,
  Are mostly in their mind.
Though sun's ablaze and sky is clear,
  They think of lightning's flame,
They had their many troubles, but
  The worst ones never came!

Now God is in the universe,
  The birds and squirrels know,
They worry not, nor do they fret,
  For what we reap we sow,
If we sow deeds they'll bear their fruit,
  For God will hear our claim;
If we trust Him then we can say,
  The worst ones never came!

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN

The clouds seem to float in more silent array,
And the hush to grow palpable, just before day.
All the forces of Nature seem subtly combined
To strike solemn awe into man's mortal mind.
If we did not expect such an hour dark and still,
It would seem that the gloom were an omen of ill,
But we enter this stillness, this black, cosmic shroud,
Knowing well that the daylight will push back the cloud.

From childhood's glad gambol on life's happy lawn
Man learns that it's gloomiest just before dawn,
And so as he rambles by streamlet or bower,
His heart turns to worship, whatever the hour.
Be it darksome and cold, ere the birds are awake,
He is never too weary obeisance to make,
Though he shrinks just a trifle as darkness grows deep,
He knows that the dawn o'er the hill will soon peep.

And so on life's pathways, by every man trod,
Each must cherish a faith in himself and his God.
When a cloud of disaster appears in the sky,
And beneath its fell torrents defeated we lie;
When we think that the rainbow will never appear,
When no angel seems present to wipe our last tear;
Let us spring back to childhood, as light as a fawn,
And recall the old lesson of dusk before dawn.

In life, as in Nature, clouds gather and pass;
And their long trailing shadows float by on the grass.
As thicker they come in their nebulous flight,
We fear that the next will bring terror and night.
But lo! like the darkness preceding the dawn
The worst ones soon lift, and depart from the lawn;
While the sun, all the fairer for being away,
Gleams above the green branches, and gladdens the day!

No grief e'er so gruesome, no night e'er so black,
But that rosy Aurora will push the clouds back;
So when troubles seem thickest, like gusts of foul smoke,
And with fast-ebbing spirits in darkness we choke;
When we think that our efforts have all been in vain,
And our souls groan aloud in their terror and pain;
When before us but gulfs of black space seem to yawn,
Then remember the lesson of dusk before dawn!

LOOK PLEASANT!

If a cloud is in the sky,
Look Pleasant!
It will vanish by and by,
Look Pleasant!
If a storm is brewing near,
There's no danger, have no fear!
Cloudbursts pass, and it will clear—
Look Pleasant!

If some one has blocked the way,
Look Pleasant!
He'll not tarry there for aye,
Look Pleasant!
Those who life with trials fill,
And with spite your spirit chill,
Can be conquered, if you will
Look Pleasant!

If some "knocker" hits your plan,
Look Pleasant!
Never mind a grumbling man—
Look Pleasant!
Scowls and daggers of the eye
Cannot down you, if you try
Just to win your game or die—
Look Pleasant!

HOPE ON, BRAVE SOUL, HOPE ON

If in the jungle of despair
You find yourself today,
Swept by the winds, with not one fair;
To elements a prey;
Thwarted each move you try to make,
All chance of rescue gone,
Cease not your fight though all forsake—
Hope on, brave soul, hope on!

If lost in forests of defeat,
The Pole-Star far from view,
Your goal by branches hid complete,
The sky devoid of blue;
If tangled thickets trip and tire,
Your chart and compass gone;
Though deep within the marsh and mire,
Hope on, brave soul, hope on!

If thorns and brambles wound your cheek,
And scratch your tear-washed eyes,
And hind'ring trees of toughest teak
Shoot upward to the skies;
If bleak disaster blocks your way,
And all your strength is gone;
New strength will come with break of day—
Hope on, brave soul, hope on!

WORK AND SWEAT

The ones whom the gods have with laurel crowned,
The men who have climbed to the topmost round
Of the ladder we call success,
Are the men who have toiled in stress and pain,
And by sweat of their brows achieved their gain
And hold to the boons that bless.
So while you may not be on top just yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The men who the forces of capital wield
Are the men of hard care who will never yield,
Exemplars of ceaseless work;
For he who in season will take first place
Is the man with the sweat streaming down his face,
Who scorns to loiter or shirk.
So while you may not be in first place yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The writer and artist and man of trade,
And all whom struggle has famous made,
Who bask in the limelight's glow;
No hour or effort will ever waste,
But will work overtime and oft make haste,
And the sweat of labor know.
So while you may lack the limelight yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The great have had failures and woes to meet,
And have sometimes felt they were near defeat;
But toil turned the tide at last;
Like you they have oft thought work was vain,
And have winced at the beating of life's bleak rain,
Yet have sweated each barrier past.
So while you may not be on top just yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

ADRIFT BUT STILL I'LL PLOUGH

The sea may roar and billows toss,
And bleakly break the morn;
But I'll hold brave through ev'ry wave,
Rebuffed, but not forlorn!

I'll steer my course, I'll sail my barque,
Though masts be blown away;
No lighthouse near, I will not fear,
I'll plough till break of day!

Though near the coast where dang'rous reefs
Dismay the strongest hope;
No buoy to tell where all is well;
My way I'll slowly grope.

I'll plough the raging sea all night;
I'll plough till break of dawn,
With broken keel and helpless wheel,
Top mast and rudder gone!

I'll hold the bridge, my pilot dead,
And mutiny on ship;
In raging sea from fear I'm free—
Howe'er the boat may dip.

My compass failed, no stars to guide,
Direction all but lost;
Yet in the night I'll make a fight,
On ocean billows tossed.

Through storm-vexed waves I'll ride a raft
With naught to guide my way;
My crew all drowned and ship aground,
I'll ride till break of day!

The raging storm of tossing life
Some day must needs abate;
Then stars will shine for me and mine—
I'll plough, I'll hope, I'll wait!

IF YOU WOULD BE A FRIEND TO MAN

Withhold the word that has a sting;
Avoid the answer's bitter fling;
Breathe sentences replete with hope,
And give a wider, brighter scope.
Lend a deft hand in time of need;
The traveller's cry for succor heed;
Bind all his wounds, and bathe his brow,
And offer comfort to him now,
If you would be a friend to man.

Refuse to spread the gossip's tale,
Or boast to men who seem to fail,
But give, like oil on troubled waves,
The hint that helps, the word that saves.
Tire not of errands oft and swift
That men from hopeless grief can lift;
Lend words of comfort to the weak,
And to the outcast smile and speak,
If you would be a friend to man.

Inspire the one who's lost his grip,
And feels that he is bound to slip;
Put your hand into his and say,
"If you hang on, you'll win some day!"
Not only speak but give the aid
That saves a brother when afraid;
And when a man is out and down
With your kind smiles mix not a frown,
If you would be a friend to man.

THE FOG WILL LIFT

From Boston Harbor years ago,
As runs an ancient tale,
Some sailors brave defied the wave,
And for far lands set sail.

Eight thousand miles across the seas
They found the realm they sought,
Then turning back, retraced their track,
And with the billows fought.

For months they ploughed the surging deep,
No trace of land in sight;
But on they went with firm intent,
Sails spread both day and night.

Disastrous seemed the homeward way,
Yet certain was the land,
If they could ride through storm and tide
With steady nerve and hand.

'Neath cloudy skies they ofttimes sailed,
And braved the tempests, too;
Yet faithful stayed, and undismayed
Resolved to plough on through.

Eight thousand miles they sailed and sailed,
Yet had, though swift their flight,
No word of cheer that land was near,
Or that their course was right.

Their path was guided by the stars,
Their compass ever by;
Yet Fate's stern frown seemed beating down,
With warnings from the sky.

Their goal unseen, their courage sank,
As under skies of lead
They made their way, while thick and grey
The fog around them spread.

Scarce moving now, they feared the night;
Should all indeed be lost?
Far seemed the goal, and sad each soul
As in the dark they tossed.

But when next day the fog dispersed,
What sight enthralled their gaze!
Through fog and foam they'd sailed back home,
To win reward and praise.

And so in life we set our sails
For harbors far from sight;
Face angry seas and adverse breeze
Through many an anxious night.

And when we think we're off the track,
And ne'er may reach the shore,
The fog comes down, our hopes to drown,
And faith sinks more and more.

But when tomorrow's daylight breaks,
What joy shall stir our soul!
The fog will lift and show our gift—
The cherished, long-sought goal!

It's when the fog has settled down
And tried our spirits sore,
That we must strive though scarce alive,
And ply just one stroke more.

The fog will lift if hard you strive,
So brave this one last night;
Though dark and slow you have to go,
At dawn you'll win the fight!

NEVER SAY FAIL

When a man in his training in life's bitter school
Has worn the old dunce-cap and acted the fool;
When he's wasted his time and rejected the aid
That his fellows have lent—of life's labors afraid—
When it seems that in him there is nothing worth while,
And he's shunned by the world—let him look up and smile!
With new thoughts in his soul let him look up and smile!

There's no weakling so weak but that God can instil
A new spirit to venture, and courage to will;
No coward so frightened but yet may be steeled
When duty's loud trumpet resounds on the field.
No quitter's too languid at last to come back,
And to steer his machine on life's devious track!
Steer his faithful machine on life's devious track!

There's no slacker so slack but that if he will dare
To try just once again in foul climate or fair,
He can come back triumphant, a knight in the fray,
And win the applause that he lost yesterday.
There's no plodder so slow but that like the wise snail,
He can win in life's race if he never says fail!
Win the prize in life's race if he never says fail!

THE MAN WHO WEARS A SMILE

I saw a man with a sample case,
His order book was full;
And I could tell by his smiling face
That he didn't need a pull;
For one who can carry a face like that,
Few samples will have to show;
He'll get his orders right off the bat,
And shovel in heaps of dough.

The man who can sport a crinkly smile
With corners that won't come out,
Is the man who can add to his golden pile
In any old business bout.
He glides through life with an easy sound,
And high o'er the plodders flies;
And ripples of joy for miles around
Spread out from his twinkling eyes.

There may be a time when trade is dull—
He looks for it now and then—
But instead of weeping a bucketful,
He trots with triumphant men!
He keeps his order book close at hand--
There will soon enough be a need—
For his smile more orders can always land,
While the grouch has gone to seed!

His wife is hailed in the market place,
And his children reap his praise;
A heritage of his smiling face
That lasts them all their days.
A garret may be his blest abode,
Or a palace his domicile;
But his is the universal code—
The sunshine that sees no ill!

And when he shuffles this mortal coil,
And is through with this mundane sphere,
He finds old Satan easy to foil
With the smiling that won down here.
His friends all bemoan his "barque at sea",
And miss him from off the earth;
But happy they are that he is free
In a permanent downy berth!

THE MAN WHO HAS A GROUCH

I met a man with a sample case—
His order book was a blank—
And I could tell by his acid face
Why the spirit within him sank.
For no one can carry beneath his hat,
If aught he expects to sell,
As dismal and sullen a look as that—
Those features a failure spell!

The face he showed had an age-long frown—
A grouch is another phrase—
His eyebrows were knit, and his jaw hung down
As though it had hung for days.
Now the man who wriggles along through life
Hanging on to a grouch like this,
Won't get very far in the battle's strife
Or taste very much of bliss!

He may take an order once in a while—
A sucker is born each day—
But he could get dozens with a smile
If he'd put his grouch away.
He may make a living of a sort—
I'd not want a life like his!
But he'll never have an ounce of sport
While carrying round that phiz!

The gods have mercy upon his kin,
And succor his wife and child!
For with that sour face and sickly grin
Their misery can't be mild!
He may reside in an attic bleak,
Or a mansion may be his home;
But the grouch-bug's nibbled his nose and cheek,
And taken him for its own!

And when he's laid out in his resting place,
With screws in the coffin lid,
The world will look at that nightmare face,
And think of the things it did.
And no one will wish him back again,
Though doubtless they'll wish him well,
And hope he will get but little pain—
For he's certainly gone to—Russia!

THINK RIGHT

Think smiles, and smiles shall be;
Think doubt, and hope will flee.
Think love, and love will grow;
Think hate, and hate you'll know.
Think good, and good is here.
Think vice—its claws appear!
Think joy, and joy ne'er ends;
Think gloom, and dusk descends.
Think faith, and faith's at hand;
Think ill—it stalks the land.
Think peace, sublime and sweet,
And you that peace will meet.
Think fear, with brooding mind,
And failure's close behind.
Think this: "I'm going to win!"—
Think not on what has been.
Think vict'ry—think "I can!"
Then you're a WINNING MAN!

"MISFITS" CAN WIN

No permanent failure for men who dig hard,
For under their labor is hid their reward;
Success waits the man with unfaltering hand,
For pluck is the most that the world will demand.
Perhaps you are classed as a cosmic misfit,
But you never are beaten unless you have quit!

If the work that you have is distasteful to you,
And your life moves along with a dull leaden hue,
Resolve to discover the work that you like,
Then pound like the man who is driving a spike!
You'll pull yourself up from earth's many misfits,
For the fellow who fails is the fellow who quits!

The greatest of men you'll encounter today
Have followed a work that at first did not pay;
They had labored for years at the shop or the bench,
Yet success in the end from hard fortune could wrench.
By their lives be instructed—they once were misfits—
But no man can remain so if never he quits!

Look about for your work, and all vigor bestow,
For YOU'LL prosper in time, though the process be slow;
You may sweat drops of blood, and sometimes slip behind,
But at last **You Will Conquer**—so never you mind!
The great men of today years ago were misfits,
And the failure is merely the fellow who quits!

I WASN'T BORN A FIGHTER, BUT I FOUND I HAD TO BE!

In Life's broad field of battle,
In the struggle of the race,
I wasn't born a fighter—
But the world had set the pace.
I'd rather dwell in peace-land,
Nor brave Life's stormy sea:
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

In quiet nook I'd rather dwell,
Enjoying sun and shade;
I'd rather be a shepherd,
Or wield the gardner's spade,
Or live at peace among the flow'rs
That grow upon the lea:
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

I was thrown on Life's swift eddy,
On the restless, surging stream,
To battle 'gainst all odds and fate,
And cast away my dream.
And so I've had to struggle,
Brave the storms and ride the sea—
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

If we are placed where we must show
The strength of Hercules,
And though unused to fighting life
Must sail its roughest seas,
If snatched from out our quiet nook
Beneath the broad beech-tree,
Though we weren't born as fighters,
We find we soon can be!

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Suppose a neighbor has gone wrong?
Think before you speak!
Each life must have some saddened song,
Think before you speak!
You may have a grief some day
That will lead your feet astray;
Then you'll bless the tongues that say
"Think before you speak!"

A neighbor's boy has "got in bad"—
Think before you speak!
Recall his loved ones, shamed and sad,
Think before you speak!
Some day your own son may fall;
Scorn may push him to the wall;
Then your heart will fill with gall—
Think before you speak!

If some poor girl has slipped in woe,
Think before you speak!
Say no harsh word to weight the blow,
Think before you speak!
Scarlet letters yet may be
Hung upon your family tree;
Let us all have charity—
Think before you speak!

THE BOSS IS WATCHING YOU

You may not know, young man, today
The boss is watching you;
But, sir, he knows much that you say,
And most of what you do.

The world today looks far and keen
For men for places high;
Unmanly acts are often seen,
And then you are passed by.

Big business firms are searching wide
For men who dare and do;
Your reckless acts you cannot hide—
The boss is watching you!

He wants you ever to prepare
For better place and pay;
He needs strong men his work to share—
He's watching you today!

The firm wants men who think and do,
To execute their plan;
The boss, don't fret, is watching you—
He'll raise you if he can.

You wonder why that man near by
Went up a notch or two?
He said, 'he'd do his best or die'—
The boss is watching YOU!

WHICH SIDE OF THE BED?

Which side of the bed did you sleep in last night?
Which side did you get out this morning?
Is the face that you carry a dolorous sight,
Or is there a bright smile adorning?
You hardly need tell us which side that your head
Lay through the long night hours a-dreaming,
For with ease we can see what you leave all unsaid—
Your looks—be they sullen or beaming!

So when in the eve you make ready for sleep
With a vision or thought for the morrow,
See to it that brightness pervades what you keep,
And trouble be sure not to borrow;
And when in the morning around your bright room
You see the gay sunbeams beguiling,
Don't rise on the side that will drive you to gloom,
But the side that will turn you to smiling!

Don't go to your office with visage that shows
You slipped from the side that's for worry,
For every last soul of your office force knows
That a grouch should be ducked in a hurry;
They'll slight all their tasks to keep out of your way,
And be nervous at sight of your fretting;
And another will land the big deals of the day—
The orders you ought to be getting!

You cannot afford to climb out of your bed
In a way that will spoil time to follow,
For your rivals and foes are a long way from dead,
And your triumphs may turn out all hollow;
So climb to the floor on the side that is bright,
And if ever amiss you should tumble,
Never tell to a soul that you didn't rise right,
But work on with a smile—and don't grumble!

THE BUMP'S THE THING

In infancy and childhood
The many bumps you got
Were never long remembered—
Count o'er them you cannot.
But every one was needed
To help you to advance
And be a man like father—
In life to take your chance.

The bumps that came in youth-time
All held their bitter smart,
But bumps a lesson carry
To him with manly heart.
Sore baffled in our purpose
We often prostrate lie,
Yet set our teeth, determined
To conquer or to die!

The bumps which steel your manhood,
Which make you tensely breathe,
All prod you into action—
Bid you your sword unsheathe.
The bumps which loose the teardrops,
The bumps which break the heart,
Perhaps were what you needed
To rouse you up to start.

You whip a dog, he's conquered;
  You thrash a mule, he balks;
You snare the jungle wildcats,
  Or trap the winged hawks;
Their spirit's killed—they're beaten—
  Ah, here's where man is king!
His beatings give him courage—
  For man, the bump's the thing!

For when a MAN is cornered,
  When Fate has clipped his wings,
Or when he's thrashed or beaten—
  He still fights on and sings!
'Tis here he towers o'er beast-folk;
  'Tis here his virtues ring;
His beatings wake his will-power—
  For man, the bump's the thing!

GRIT YOUR TEETH AND BEAR IT

When each thing has gone awry,
Grit your teeth and bear it!
When you choke and heave a sigh,
Grit your teeth and bear it!
When your luck is not with you,
Life's horizon streaked with blue,
Pluck and sand will pull you through—
Grit your teeth and bear it!

When your plan's been blown away,
Grit your teeth and bear it!
There will dawn another day,
Grit your teeth and bear it!
When your feet are slipping fast,
And you're dwelling on the past,
Brace yourself—these things can't last—
Grit your teeth and bear it!

When they say, "we told you so",
Grit your teeth and bear it!
Free advisers seldom know—
Grit your teeth and bear it!
You have got the stuff to win;
Finish it if you begin;
Fill your lungs and lift your chin!
Grit your teeth and bear it!

LIFE'S WILDERNESS

Suppose you're in the wilderness
Of toilsome life, no compass near;
And torn and tattered is your dress,
And wrecked the life you held so dear?
Suppose you see no trail to lead
You onward to your land of hope;
No guide at hand; all things impede;
And fruitlessly you wind and grope?

Suppose you're past the day of youth,
And feel no more its fervent fire?
You know a little more of truth,
Nor will your steady pace soon tire.
Suppose ambition does not use
The clarion tones of yesteryear?
The caution you have learned to choose
Will prove a thousand times more dear.

Ulysses Grant at thirty-nine
For aid had still to importune;
Obscure and lacking every sign
Of greatness that he showed so soon.
Fortune is swift—we little know
Sometimes when it is very nigh;
Though we have paid in work and woe
A price we feel is hard and high.

Success for you is hovering near,
A halo circles round your brow;
And though you grope today in fear,
A chance is knocking for you now.
Another decade yet may pass
Before you recognize its tread,
But sad the reckoning you'd amass
If you should cease to strive ahead!

So buckle on your armor tight,
And though your star of hope be dim,
Be this your motto in the fight—
"I'll conquer, though I lose a limb!"
Be not among the men who quit
Before they know they've won the fray;
Men whom no victor's crown can fit;
Who let their rivals win the day.

Don't win the fight, half gain the crown,
Then quit just when the tide has turned;
The vict'ry's yours, though now you're down,
And in the battle scarred and burned.
Him who endures, the tide sweeps on,
So when the smoke of battle clears,
He views with pride a vict'ry won,
And rests amid the joyous cheers.

"IN THE DESERT OF WAITING"

Each heart has some fond yearning
For things to dare and do,
A soul that's all a-burning—
Oh, Friend! Is that soul you?

Through desert wastes of weeping
In solitude you roam
Bemoaning time's sure creeping,
Away from friends and home!

You've builded well in planning
Your castles in the air;
But now, the desert scanning,
Deserted do you fare?

Out in the desert tearful,
Storm-tossed and wrecked you are?
The birds around are cheerful,
And happy ev'ry star.

Though in the desert waiting,
Your time will come some day!
Don't spend your time belating,
But work and hope and pray!

GET HAPPINESS TODAY

We fix upon a certain goal,
  Then seek it might and main;
Yet when 'tis won we are not done,
  But for another strain.
We save our hardest to achieve
  The first one-hundred fund,
But though we dream enough 'twill seem,
  When sav'd, we plan beyond.

We oft for public office strive,
  Contented though 'tis slight;
But ere we cease our hopes increase,
  And we take higher flight.
When first the papers use our name
  How mighty is our glee!
Yet soon we shrink from printer's ink,
  And crave obscurity.

When anxious neighbors ask advice
  On some small homely thing,
And plead that Fate itself must wait
  For what our words will bring;
Our sense of power is stirred as high
  As if in field or hall
Our wisdom's aid directly made
  A nation's rise or fall!

And yet we think the rung above
  Is that which marks true bliss;
Where'er we tread we look ahead,
  And present pleasure miss.
The more we have, the more we want,
  So he is wise indeed
Who learns in time that no man's climb
  To perfect joy can lead.

Then let us learn in life's short hour
To do our best with cheer,
Nor vainly grieve when others leave
Us somewhat in the rear.
They are no better satisfied,
For gladness' genial ray
Shines not afar like beck'ning star,
But all along the way!

Our happiness is in our mind,
In station high or low;
And each may share with measure fair
The glad benignant glow.
So do your best with buoyant mien,
Trusting that God above
In His assize will grant your prize
From His unbounded love.

THE BULL DOG GRIP

Ho man! Hold on with bull dog grip,
Determined mind and firm set lip!
"It's dark today and slow the pace?"
But you are bound to win the race.

"Worked long and hard and no reward?"
Just keep unsheathed your fighting sword.
And just hang on and let 'er rip—
The world gives way to bull dog grip!

Have no kind words or thanks been yours?
The crown is there for whom endures.
You've often failed? Had many a slip?
But win you will with bull dog grip!

Have critics harsh been on your trail?
Just never mind, you will prevail;
There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
But no "last count" for the bull dog grip.

Have you been fouled, hit 'neath the belt?
Others the same as you have felt.
Though some may get you on the hip,
These but make tight your bull dog grip!

Have plans gone wrong and blown away?
Just you keep plugging all the day.
Have some called you too "bold and flip?"
Take your rebuke, but keep your grip!

Have others said, "It can't be done?"
And you the only battling one?
From o'er the sea will come your ship,
To pay you for your bull dog grip!

THOUGH YOU'RE STRUGGLING IN THE CELLAR YOU CAN CLIMB UP TO THE TOP

Once the leader of his people,*
Born in slavery's dire plight,
With a grim determination
Struggled upward to the light;
Not a counsellor or tutor;
Not a soul to push him on;
But the "Moses of his people"
Fought the fight to climb—and WON!

In the structure of the races
He was in the cellar, deep;
Not for him was time to whimper;
Not for him was time to weep.
He was in the mire of manhood,
He was floored and handcuffed, too,
But he rose to heights of glory
Just as you can likewise do!

There's an elevator running
From the cellar to the top,
And the man who will may board it—
Here it comes—now on it hop!
There'll be stops to make a plenty;
There'll be floors that "floor" you oft;
But the man with grit and gumption
In the end will mount aloft!

*Booker T. Washington.

Hardest floor of all's the cellar;
When you make the second flight
Riding up is rather easy,
Though you still toil day and night.
It's the starting, friend, that "gets" you—
It's the will to take a plunge;
So decide you'll labor skyward,
And right now, man, make your lunge!

Oft while plunging in the darkness
Of the cellar and the mud,
You'll be sickened and discouraged,
And will come down with a thud.
But if you are quite determined;
Never falt'ring, loath to stop;
Though you're struggling in the cellar
You will climb up to the top!

KEEP AT IT FOREVER

A toast to the soul who with resolute zeal
Makes a habit of faithful endeavor;
All the gods in the sky save their blessings on high
For the man who keeps at it forever!

There are princely rewards for the toiler today,
For the worker who hesitates never;
And in life's gorgeous crown gleams the gem of renown
For the man who keeps at it forever!

From work often spring mighty honors and fame,
And true friendships that nothing can sever;
There are souls welded fast in the thick of the blast
Among those who keep at it forever!

BACKING WATER

The ships that in majesty sail o'er the seas,
With their columns of smoke streaming proud in the breeze,
Not always a course of calm gliding may know,
For the waves are oft high and the tempests oft blow.
Sometimes when the fog settles thick o'er the reef,
The greatest of ships will seek sheltered relief;
It is often the wisest to swerve and to tack,
And the pilot is never ashamed to turn back.

Sometimes in the current of life's rushing stream,
As we seek the far harbor we crave in our dream,
We have to drop sails and slow up in the mist,
And from all our mad race for a moment desist.
We must often seek port when assistance we need,
Though it set us behind in our coveted speed;
We must sometimes reverse, or back water, or tread,
Before we steam gaily at full speed ahead.

In man's bold decisions, in stands that he makes,
Because he is human he oft knows mistakes;
We settle our mind on a course to pursue,
Yet find we are erring before we are through.
Then learn from the sailor who ploughs the deep main
If your bright chosen harbor in safety you'd gain;
'Tis oft wise to back water or linger behind,
For the man who succeeds often changes his mind.

'Tis the big man in life who reverses and tacks,
Who can see that he's wrong, or that something he lacks.
It takes a big human to alter his mind—
The one who stays set is of lowlier kind.
To change our opinion, admit of a fault,
To take back our words, or to slow down and halt,
To concede there are others with thoughts just as bright,
Is to prove we are mortals who stand on the height.

To say to a fellow, "You're right and I'm wrong",
Is to tune up your heart to a stout winning song;
More and more do we see, as true wisdom we sound,
That big men back water, nor fear to turn round.
The great from the small we may easily range
By their quick, ready minds, ever open to change;
For in life's broad experience ever you'll find
That the man who is big often changes his mind.

I'LL PLAY LIFE'S GAME A MAN

Life tossed me in a barren ground
  Where grew no trace of green.
One vast, bleak desert hemmed me round;
  No hope for me was seen.
I feel my "hand" was poor indeed
  Whene'er the cards I scan,
But brave endeavor is my creed—
  I'll play Life's game a man!

Environment of poorest kind;
  By cruel Fate defil'd;
No ray of hope; my poor soul blind;
  A lone, deserted child!
My choice: "Would I had not been born!"
  Fate cursed me in her plan—
Yet I will take Life's cards forlorn,
  And play the game a man!

I would not live this life again
  For wealth and pow'r untold,
Nor all the pomp of famous men
  In modern times and old.
But though each pang of life I've felt,
  I'll conquer through, "I Can!"
I'll take the cards that Fate hath dealt,
  And play Life's game a man!

JUST WHAT IS YOUR STAYING POWER?

How many punches beneath the belt
Can you stand from the world's mailed fist?
How many uppercuts have you felt,
How many were foiled and missed?
Can you stand another blow that's foul
Nor wince in the crucial hour?
Can your jaw stand another without a howl?
Just what is your staying power?

How many failures have you gone through?
How many can you endure?
Are you going to give up because a few
Have shaken you low and poor?
How many mistakes are chalked on the score
Against you before you're sour?
Have you got the grace to wade through more?
Just what is your staying power?

Just how much punishment can you stand?
How much of sorrow and grief?
How much can you show of grit and sand
When fortune sends no relief?
How many discouragements, taunts, and jeers
Can you take before you cower?
How well can you laugh at the world's sharp sneers;
Just what is your staying power?

For many a man gives up the fight
And quits just a day too soon;
Just as all the clouds disperse, and the light
Bursts brilliantly forth at noon.
But wiser men deeper mires have crossed,
Under skies that did naught but lower;
They have clutched success after all seemed lost,
By having the staying power!

PASS IT ALONG

When joy comes into your heart,
Pass it along!
A smile's a gem you should impart;
Pass it along!
Someone should share your joy with you;
Someone should smile because you do;
Someone should be as cheerful, too—
Pass it along!

When some stray sunbeam lights your lane,
Pass it along!
Some other soul is bowed in pain;
Pass it along!
Your smile will save a soul downcast,
Your word will cheer and hold him fast,
Your song will echo to the last—
Pass it along!

IF I HAD MY LIFE TO LIVE OVER AGAIN

If I had my life to live over again,
With its hills and its corners—the long winding lane—
I'd not seek the soft spots, or gingerly tread
In the footsteps of those who have travell'd ahead.
I'd learn to help others adown the long way;
To lend them a hand in the dark clouded day.
The ways that are rugged I'd find in my quest,
For 'tis there that I'm needed, to help with my best.

I'd lay a foundation for health that's supreme;
My time I would cherish, and dreams I would dream.
The castles I'd build would be higher than now,
And to make them all real would be my life's vow.
My wagon I'd hitch to the highest bright star,
Be it ever so lofty or ever so far;
And should it perchance prove too distant to find,
My efforts would lead to the one just behind.

I'd take time for culture, to know the great souls
Who have suffered and conquered, and gained their high goals;
I'd know of their failures, their heartaches, and grief,
Of their struggles through trials that gave no relief.
I would see that their sun did not constantly shine,
Taking comfort to know that their lot is like mine;
I'd see how they mounted when dogged by despair,
And like them I would throttle each ill in its lair!

I would learn how they drove, in the midst of their plight,
Every care to its cavern through life's blackest night;
And would feel that each trial, with teeth set to kill,
I might slay, like my fathers, with courage and will.
I'd know of their struggles, reverses forlorn,
With never a glimmer of hope in the morn;
Then with courage sustained by their years of dismay,
I'd put on my armor and win in the fray!

And then when the sun would blaze forth from the blue,
And the loftiest dreams of the dark hours come true,
I'd not be ashamed to tell others I'd failed,
Or succor a friend who to bleak seas has sailed.
Other voyagers' hearts might take courage from mine,
As I played the staunch pilot on billows malign;
And I'd know that my story, on many a lip,
Would give others new courage to tighten their grip.

Others, finding that few reach their port without gales,
Will defy all the clouds, and mend rigging and sails;
Will tack up the coast 'gainst the fierce raging blasts
Till the bright noonday sun blazes high o'er the masts.
They will sail into harbor, the port of their dreams,
And quit ocean's rough billows for life's milder streams;
There the waters are calmer, and anchors can hold,
And there's comfort and shelter from tempest and cold.

If I had my life to live over again,
With its ills and misfortunes, its sorrows and pain;
I would pass not a peak without trying to scale,
Nor pause for complaint should I falter or fail.
Each time I was baffled, I'd try it once more,
And ne'er give up the struggle though battered and sore.
There's no goal so remote I'd not try to attain,
If I had my life to live over again!

BE BRAVE

If you're alone on Life's sad tide,
Be brave!
For love and joy will soon be spied;
Be brave!
If sorrow pains your lonely soul,
If you have failed to reach your goal,
Just try again—your fate control—
Be brave!

If flying spears have pierced you through,
Be brave!
If devil's darts come thick at you,
Be brave!
If daggers strike your naked breast,
If you in vain seek peace and rest,
If failing, though you try your best,
Be brave!

If clouds are floating in the sky,
Be brave!
The price of victory is high,
Be brave!
The darkest night will pass away;
The sun will shine at break of day;
In time you're bound to have full pay—
Be brave!

IF YOU WILL SMILE

If you will start your daily task
With cheerful smile and face aglow,
In friendship's pleasing rays you'll bask,
And toil each hour will lighter grow,
If you will smile!

If you will face life's problems dire
With twinkling eye and smiling lip,
Less quickly will the burdens tire,
And far less often will you trip,
If you will smile!

If you will smile at need and care,
And laugh at poverty's dark threat,
Some day the victor's crown you'll wear,
And bright success will greet you yet.
If you will smile!

If you will smile, no hostile force
Can spoil the boons that lie before,
Or turn from their benignant course
The honors headed for your door.
If you will smile!

If you will face defeat and pain
With wholesome look and winning smile,
You'll conquer every foe, and gain
A restful, peaceful afterwhile.
If you will smile!

THE REAL SUCCESS

Success is a cottage painted white,
With shutters of green outside;
Where peace reigns benignly day and night,
And love and contentment bide.

Success is a cottage made for two,
With room for the little tots;
With quiet and harmony in the view,
And calm in the garden spots.

Success is a cottage or any place
Where love is enthroned supreme;
With a spirit kind and a smiling face
It weaves its enchanting dream.

Success is a home that's rounded out
By husband and children and wife;
Where love melts the shadows of dread and doubt
Whatever your walk of life!

THE LEADER OF THE PACK

In jungles where the wild beasts roam
A leader heads each pack;
And he who leads oft fights and bleeds,
And suffers on the rack.

He leads because in days agone
He conquered in the race;
He fought—and by his prowess bought
His high and envied place.

He has to face as time goes on
Contenders for his throne,
And what he gained must be maintained
By bitter strife alone.

And when he weakens in the lead,
A rival e'er is near
With force to try to pass him by,
And prove his fighting peer.

So in the jungle of mankind
Each pack has one to lead;
Who holds that place with steady face
Must suffer, fight, and bleed.

The man who leads his mates today
Has used his brain and brawn;
Has faced the pack against attack,
And daringly fought on.

He's there because he led and fought,
  Because he WON his sphere,
Because he knew he'd see it through,
  And stick, and persevere!

Who leads the pack and forges on
  Must use his will and brain;
Must meet men's frown, be oft knocked down,
  Yet take the lead again!

If you perchance lead on today,
  You'll some time hard be lashed;
To hold your own you oft must groan,
  Be whipped, be scourged, be thrashed.

But whip, or scourge, or lash, or rack,
  Can never mean defeat
To him who leads although he bleeds—
  None can with such compete!

The man who leads the human pack
  Is he who ne'er will bend;
Who can prepare to do and dare,
  And struggle till the end!

DISSATISFIED

The man who helps this world the most,
And cleaves through every tide;
Who wins his place by grit or grace,
Must not be satisfied.

Columbus, sailing unknown seas,
Had never been content
To live at ease in balmy breeze
Upon one continent.

His mind and fancy wandered far,
And sought an Eastern strand;
Thus was unfurled a virgin world—
The planet's mightiest land!

The soul of Morse could never rest
Till thought had gained new wings;
So sprang to light the wire-borne flight—
His praise the whole world sings!

Thus Robert Fulton irked beneath
The sailing ship's slow course,
And with bold mind a craft designed
To glide with vaporous force.

'Tis discontent that moves the world
New regions to explore;
Restless are we, on land or sea,
To reach the distant shore.

The Christ came here to help the race,
A discontented guide;
He fought the fight for God and right,
But He was crucified.

The one who cleans the ulcer spots
Society has made,
Or climbs by flights to Fortune's heights,
Must never be afraid.

A leader ne'er is satisfied
With careless ways of man;
By discontent his course is bent
High upward, span on span.

The fagot, hemlock, rack, and gall,
By dullards are applied;
Yet worlds are made to climb up grade
By men dissatisfied!

STIR YOUR NEST

The eagle roughly stirs her nest
To teach her young to fly;
'Tis not unkind, but well designed—
Their time to soar is nigh.

Some men like eaglets live in peace
Within a sheltered nest;
Swaying at ease in balmy breeze,
Their fortune all the best.

Yet some day each must brave the storm
That sweeps him off his feet;
Must do and dare midst pain and care,
And dire misfortune meet.

'Tis not the zephyr's milder breath
That man most needs to know;
But winds that sweep from snowy steep
To steel his mind to woe.

When circumstances stir our nests,
And we in air are blown,
Then must we die unless we fly
Boldly into our own.

Foul blasts of rumor, critics' scorn,
Chill hate or jealousy,
Our nest may shake—our hearts may break—
Yet must we struggle free!

So when harsh Fortune seems to mix
The wormwood with the lime,
Let each stir bring new strength of wing
To conquer and to climb!

BEATING THE INDIANS

In chieftain's tent I was not born—
I blush not to confess—
I did not know the Indian's whoop
Or wear the feathered dress.
I never held a tomahawk
Or on the bison fed,
Nor had my warlike visage known
The painted streaks of red.

And yet I found life's wilderness
A forest dark and thick,
Where men must fight and struggle on
Though thorn and arrow prick.
I had to learn the Indian's way
Though born a Yankee white,
And with the courage of a brave
Press gaily through the fight.

Before I learned the trails and tracks,
And how to whoop and paint,
I often knew the victim's shame,
Or faltered sick and faint.
Misfortune scalped me with a blade
That tore my tired head,
And round the victor's council-fires
They often thought me dead.

Unwelcome Failure's dreaded chief
Wore out my very life;
My bow and arrows bore away,
And dulled my hunting-knife.
But though my feathers all were lost,
My war-paint disarrayed,
Before my savage foe I stood
Dauntless and undismayed!

My eye was clear, my nerve was keen,
I vowed to learn the way,
And though grim Death beset my path
To reach the goal some day.
The Indians who had seized my scalp
Stood trembling and amazed
To see their prey defy them all
With eyes that proudly blazed.

It is the fighting spirit bold
That keeps us on life's course,
For naught will cow a savage foe
Save blows of equal force.
So strive to learn the red man's game,
And never pause or cease;
Hang on, and all your enemies
Will crave the pipe of peace!

SOME ONE CAN DO IT

When some one says, "It can't be done",
And squirms 'neath manhood's toiling;
Complains about "No battles won"—
His speech with whimpers boiling;
Some other man with steady tread
Success attains—how was it?
Pursues his course with aching head;
Plods on and works and does it!

"It can't be done!" He strikes his pate
And rails against his station,
While off'ring to the god of Fate
His daily weak oblation.
Yet other men whose lot in life
Was "down" from Fate's worst stacking,
Go on with plucky gain through strife,
And win without a backing!

When some one says, "It ain't no use—
I've had no hand that boosted;
My head's been thrust within a noose;
Ill luck on me has roosted"—
Some other man far lower down
On Fortune's fateful ladder
Mounts on his way and wins the crown—
For ill luck none the sadder!

When some one says, "It can't be done",
Believe it not one minute;
For near at hand one's on the run
To see the prize and win it.
The baffled losers rub their eyes,
And idly cry "How was it?"
But while they yearn to grasp the prize
Their next-door neighbor does it!

THE TIME TO STAND FIRMLY

When in looking for wealth you encounter a stream
Of a slow muddy kind—like an ominous dream,
And find only the pebbles of grief and despair
Lying under your feet, rough and dull in their lair,
Never give up the search, for behold!—down the rill
Are fair golden nuggets, your coffers to fill!
Shining nuggets of gold, that your coffers can fill!

When your star in the heavens has passed from your view,
And the chances to sight it seem slender and few,
Just remember the whirling of planets and sun;
It will bob up again, and you'll know that you've won!
So when you don't get what you want, my dear pal,
That's the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I shall!"
Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I shall!"

When in looking for sunshine you land in a fog,
Or sink up to your knees in a treacherous bog;
When your rainbow has flickered, and drowned is your gain
In the early spring freshets from life's torrent rain,
When what you expected has turned out as dust,
That's the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I must!"
Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I must!"

When in looking for fortune, for fame, or for health,
Grief, disaster, or failure comes on you by stealth;
Falter not in your search, for the clouds in the sky
Are not put there to stay, but will lift by and by.
And when sudden misfortunes or trials you scan,
That's the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I can!"
Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, "I can!"

THE JOYS OF WIND AND SNOW

Some flowers bloom best on northland slopes,
Where chilling tempests blow;
Their life is found in frozen ground,
Encased by banks of snow.

But others love a milder air,
And playfully are tossed
By zephyrs born in tropic morn,
Far from the arctic frost.

Some flourish on the icy plains
Where howl the winds of death;
They lead a life of surging strife,
Yet draw rejoicing breath.

Others yield forth their stately blooms
Where sways the verdant palm;
Their tranquil hours no storm devours,
For all is fair and calm.

So with mankind—some mortal souls
Bloom best in storm and gale;
Perform their part with sturdy heart
Where others quake and pale.

Others whom God has given breath,
Wilt 'neath the northland's frown;
Though well they toil on sunnier soil,
Chill Boreas breaks them down.

As buds that blossom in the north
  Ne'er whimper or complain
Because their fare is frosty air
  Instead of balmy rain,

So let me dwell in arctic realms
  Of trouble, care, and woe;
My mind unvexed and unperplexed,
  With boldness' flame aglow.

The flowers that cling to Greenland steeps
  Have joys no others taste;
And nenuphars 'neath northern stars
  Grow strong amid the waste.

The man who walks the path of ease
  And shuns the blasts of grief,
His frailness shows like sheltered rose;
  Weaker in flower and leaf.

To him my sturdier roots extend,
  My boughs above him braid;
I envy not his pleasant lot,
  For he must have my aid!

HE'LL WIN!

When ill luck has perched on his shoulders to stay,
And misfortune has dogged him for many a day;
When the rest have surrendered to fate and to chance,
But he still struggles on with a resolute glance;
When he faces his foes in the midst of the strife,
And with never a doubt braves the battles of life,
That man will win!

When he's harassed by woe and has lost ever franc,
And has naught left but failure, forbidding and blank,
When his fortune and friends all have taken to flight,
Yet he starts once again to win out in the fight;
When he's courage to face every setback and fear,
And is bound to become in his province a peer,
That man will win!

The way he has wended is lined with hard knocks,
And he's often been battered by nerve-wrecking shocks.
His gait's not so fast, but his FAITH'S just as sure,
And though slower, he's hardened and braced to endure.
When he's plodding today, though one time he could skip,
And is keeping through trouble a stiff upper lip,
That man will win!

When mile after mile has been stony and rough,
With no pleasure or rest, but rebuff on rebuff;
When he scorns giving up, though the journey be long,
And though buffeted sadly, continues in song,
When though stone-bruised and winded, though foot-
sore and lame,
He treads on with the courage to master the game,
That man will win!

NEW HEIGHTS TO SCALE

The mountain that's highest has never been scaled,
For in seeking the summit the many have quailed;
The race that's the swiftest has never been run,
And the song that's the sweetest not yet is begun.
The world's greatest warrior may slumber today
In a poor cottage cradle, hid humbly away.
Man's greatest achievements lie ever ahead—
For the living a prize, not a crown for the dead.

There is business aplenty—new plans to be laid,
And fortunes for those who are never afraid;
Inventions uncounted yet lie in the brains
Of the men who will bear them in travail and pains;
New rivers to ford, and new lands to be found,
New honors to give, and new chiefs to be crowned.
There are books for the future, unwritten, unread,
To bring fame for the living as well as the dead.

There are schemes for man's progress as yet all unknown,
And gardens of bliss that have never been sown;
There are bridges of joy o'er the canyons of grief,
That the future will build, to give peace and relief.
There are highways of glory for men of our time
That can match the bright paths of each era and clime;
There are smiles to be smiled, and kind words to be said,
And the living shall reap them as well as the dead.

There are laws to be made, and new justice to rise,
For the past holds not all of the great and the wise;
There are pictures unpainted and statues uncarved,
New masters like those who of old wrought and starved.
There are plaudits awaiting the man of today,
Though he suffer and faint on his perilous way;
There is honor for all—and the winners have bled—
Golden crowns for the living as well as the dead.

There are hopes we may cherish and lives we may save,
For the glory of man lies not all in the grave;
There are sick men to heal, broken spirits to calm,
And there's honor for him who bears comforting balm.
There are thoughts and good deeds to be given away
To assuage the afflicted, and make the sad gay;
There are wounds to be bound, and the poor to be fed,
And God blesses the living as well as the dead.

TRY AGAIN

When you've tried and failed and lost,
Try again!
When astray your plans are tossed,
Try again!
Other days are just ahead;
Other men have fought and bled;
Others oft have tried and said,
Try, try again!

When life seems an empty state,
Try again!
When you pause and question fate,
Try again!
Other men have heaved a sigh;
Other men have longed to die;
Others, too, have paused to try—
Try, try again!

When you've cast your die and failed,
Try again!
When your star has waned and paled,
Try again!
Other men have lost their way;
Others stuck and won the day;
Others now in wisdom say,
Try, try again!

When the world's been cold and rough,
Try again!
When you meet each harsh rebuff,
Try again!
When misfortune's flailed you blue;
Circumstances dogged you, too,
Then there's one way left to you—
Try, try again!

PEP

When a man has been travelling many a mile
With the ghosts of defeat passing file upon file,
Yet will never give up, but goes on with a smile,
That's Pep!

When his every last plan seems to muddle and fail,
And he's drifting at sea in a withering gale,
Yet his eyes keep ablaze, while his fellows turn pale,
That's Pep!

When a man meets temptation but runs true to form,
Or is lost in the jungle 'mid thundering storm,
Yet fights bravely on with a heart true and warm,
That's Pep!

When a man clings to ribbons of doubt and defeat
While all of his comrades give up and retreat,
When he climbs with those strands to the winner's high seat,
That's Pep!

When a man in the school has been cruelly hazed,
And sees others about him fall broken and crazed,
Yet sticks firm to his purpose, unconquered though dazed,
That's Pep!

When a man clambers still up life's slippery pole,
Though so often he's fallen that scarcely a soul
Believes he will ever attain his high goal,
That's Pep!

THE MAN WITH GRIT

Who tosses his hat into the ring
  Intending to win the fight?
Who can smile the most when misfortunes sting,
  And have faith in the darkest night?
Who can hope on still, though a knockout blow
  Has staggered him in the pit?
Who is he? Why, all real he-men know—
  It's the man with the staying grit!

Who is the man who scatters his seed
  When others complain, "too late?"
And who some day will own the grassy mead
  And laugh in the teeth of fate?
Who is the man who harvests his crop,
  Though it may be bit by bit?
It's the fellow whose spirit can never drop—
  The man with the faith and grit!

And who is the man that plunges on
  When others drop out and pant?
And borrows more cash, though his watch he pawn,
  While his fellows all cry, "I can't!"?
Who is the man who will reap reward,
  And flock with the strong and fit?
The world acclaims him with one accord—
  That man is the man with grit!

Who is the man that the world admires
And lauds with ungrudging grace?
It's the man who struggles and never tires
Though troubles engrave his face!
And whether he turn out rich or poor,
The crown on a MAN will sit,
If his jolts with a grin he can endure—
For the world loves a man with grit!

OF COURSE WE'LL WIN

We grope our way through life's dark maze;
  We tread most cautiously;
We sail 'mid many a blinding haze
  On life's unresting sea.
The storm-clouds gather thick and fast,
  The lightning strikes and tears;
Each gale blows mightier than the last,
  And endless seem our cares.

Life's mysteries we cannot know;
  Nor can we understand
Why through our days such wild winds blow;
  Why life's a blizzard land.
We can but trust an all-wise One
  Whose intellect divine,
No matter how the tide may run,
  Will guide your life and mine!

And though at times I stray aside,
  And am a recreant child,
I know God's love will save and guide
  When winds are raging wild.
While blizzards sweep across my life,
  And storms besiege my soul,
I know that through the stress and strife
  At last I'll reach my goal!

For God's great hand is at the helm,
And steers each life aright;
No matter how the storms o'erwhelm,
With God we'll win the fight!
We'll win if we but face the gales
That seek to maim and kill;
Though lost our way and torn our sails,
We'll win—of course we will!

SUCCESS IS IN YOUR MIND

Think you through long and weary years
  You've fought and dreamed your dreams in vain?
Courage! For soon despite your fears
  You'll harvest all the golden grain!
The man who battles firm and brave,
  Resolved to let none else surpass,
Oft in a day may reap or save
  What others in a year amass.

And should your fortune seem to fade,
  And fancied plaudits sadly shrink,
You'll find your bliss is not all made
  Of gold and honors, as you think.
The law of compensation sways
  Our lives and riches, great and small,
And in the final act it weighs
  An even balance to us all.

For prayers are answered many times
  In ways we little think or plan,
And pleasing fortune's silver chimes
  Ring often in the ears of man
In novel ways. We sometimes find
  We only need to tune our soul
With God the infinite and kind
  To see success and feel our goal.

So set your mind on God the just,
And look to Him for guerdons won;
In Him repose unfalt'ring trust,
And let your tasks be nobly done.
The greatest joy that vict'ry brings
Shall be His voice and gentle touch:
"Thou'rt faithful over little things,
I'll make thee ruler over much!"

MISFORTUNE CANNOT BREAK MY BACK

Misfortunes shall not break my back,
No matter what they be;
I'll rise above them, every one,
Although I cannot see.
If I'm struck blind, of speech bereft,
Or lose my old time knack,
I'm bound that naught this side of death
Shall ever break my back!

I have no "pull", my funds are low;
My heritage most dire;
My birth and breeding cast my lot
In Life's entangling mire.
But though my health and strength be small:
Though every grace I lack;
I swear by God and man that these
Can never hold me back!

Full oft I faint from grave mistakes;
My blunders never cease;
My debts, instead of growing less,
By leaps and bounds increase;
Such pains and sorrows tear my heart
That anguish forms Life's pack;
But I'm resolved that all of this,
And more, can't hold me back!

The heavy load that Life has laid
  Upon my mind and strength
I am determined to cast off—
  I'll overcome at length!
Though curse of Cain be on my brow;
  Though trials rend and rack;
I'm bound that I shall conquer ALL,
  For NAUGHT can break my back!

FEAR

Deep in my flesh have Satan's arrows flown,
And evil javelins by his demons thrown;
His cruel lash my bleeding back has borne,
Till my tried spirit could but pray and mourn;
Sharp are the prongs his hand relentless guides,
And sharp the pangs his savage sport provides;
My heart beneath his thrusts has cried in pain,
Yet ever feels the ceaseless blows again.
Then one foul spear, more deadly than the rest,
Malignant struck, and pierced my aching breast;
Straight through my heart the wicked missile wound,
And pinned me prostrate on the gory ground.
There fixed, I saw above my brow upraised
The claw of Satan, who in triumph gazed;
Within that claw his dripping trident shook,
The while he froze me with a fiendish look.
He laughed—and as my feeble strength grew less,
Stabbed once again in wanton wickedness.
Worst blow of all, it crushed my reeling head,
And the curst creature left me there for dead.
But as I lay, of mind and hope bereft,
In each dire wound a spear or arrow left,
There reached my side a blessing from above—
A loyal friend, with ministering LOVE!
He soothed my brow, and from my mangled frame
Pulled each dread missile sent by Satan's aim;
With healing touch my myriad hurts repaired,
And through the years for all my future cared;
Taught me that he who all my ills bestowed
Was but my erring mind's Tartarean load—
So now I know that suff'ring's lethal spear
Comes from the hand of that arch-demon—Fear!

GETTING UP STEAM

Salt in due proportion,
  Measureful of flour;
Little bit of yeast-cake,
  (Seems a trifle sour)
Add a little kneading,
  (More, the better bread)
Then get up your steam-power,
  And just go ahead!

So it is with winning
  In this life we tread;
Steam we need a-plenty
  As we forge ahead.
When your steam is dying;
  When the fire is out;
Put a little gumption
  In what you're about!

Light your fire of purpose—
  Never mind what's said—
Keep your steam a-brewing,
  And just go ahead.
Should you have a blow-up—
  Boiler gone to smash—
Gather up the pieces;
  Make another dash!

Build another boiler—
  Iron, tin or lead—
Generate your pressure,
  Then plough right ahead.
Nothing's going to stop you
  If you're bound to do;
Only one can block you,
  And that one is you!

Keep your boiler going,
  Be it large or small;
Perseverance conquers
  In the hut or hall—
Whate'er be your dwelling,
  Mansion, cot, or shed,
Light the fires of courage,
  And steam right ahead!

REWARD IS NOT ALWAYS SEEN

From arctic wastes the chill winds blow,
And whet the knife-like air,
Till meads once gay with summer's ray
Lie frozen, bleak, and bare.

The chilling boreal blasts of life
Oft sweep with cruel rage,
And suffering to many bring
Ere southern winds assuage.

Such tempests from life's dreary north
On some incessant blow,
And some brave souls ne'er reach their goals
Save in disastrous woe.

Some cannot bear the burden long,
And falter in the gale,
Till round their path an icy wrath
Seems ever to prevail.

But life's rewards come not all here
To sorely suff'ring man;
Justice must grace a vaster space
Than our brief fleeting span.

Our plans by Fate are oft deferred,
Though others gain their prize;
Some onward run 'neath genial sun,
While we face stormy skies.

Life's frosty air makes slipp'ry paths;
The chance for some is small;
Vainly they plod—no Alpine rod
Preserves them from a fall.

And if perchance they gain at last
A place secure to tread,
Their day is short, for Fate in sport
Consigns them to the dead.

But who can judge that future land
Where God dries all our tears?
'Tis there we gain rewards for pain
Long borne through earthly years!

STICK TO IT!

When your plans have gone awry,
Stick to it!
Things will straighten if you try.
Stick to it!
When perplexed just what to do,
Sand and grit will help you through.
Let this be your final clue—
Stick to it!

When your schemes have taken wings,
Stick to it!
Vict'ry comes to him who sings,
Stick to it!
When your project's wrecked and smashed;
Plans by hostile critics lashed;
And you feel your spirit thrashed,
Stick to it!

When your back is nearly broke,
Stick to it!
Race is won by ONE MORE stroke—
Stick to it!
Lost your rudder in the gale;
Seems that you are bound to fail?
Storm-clouds clear; misfortunes pale—
Stick to it!

When you're sinking in the sand,
Stick to it!
You will come to solid land,
Stick to it!
Everyone has sand and hail;
Everyone has flood and gale;
Sometimes, too, a tattered sail—
Stick to it!

'Neath Sahara's blazing sun,
Stick to it!
Though you're blinded, scorched, undone,
Stick to it!
When the desert's wind of heat
Finds you panting, near retreat,
Drag once more your bleeding feet—
Stick to it!

When you're slipping, weak and faint,
Stick to it!
Wipe your eyes; make no complaint;
Stick to it!
When your feet are in the mire
Strike your optimistic lyre—
Play of vict'ry—never tire—
Stick to it!

GET ANOTHER GRIP

When you're soon to lose your hold,
Get another grip!
When your zeal is growing cold,
Get another grip!
When your plans are taking flight;
When despair piles up your plight;
When you want to quit the fight,
Get another grip!

When you're slipping on the brink,
Get another grip!
Stop before you plunge and sink,
Get another grip!
When you're tempted by the way;
When you dwell on yesterday;
When you think you can't say nay,
Get another grip!

When you think that all is lost,
Get another grip!
Hold the fort at any cost—
Get another grip!
When you're weary, tried, and sore;
When you think the battle's o'er;
When you drip with sweat and gore,
Get another grip!

OUR DUTY SHOULD BE DONE

Christ came to break the cruel chains
  Of custom, pride, and hate;
They crucified Him for His pains—
  The true reformer's fate!

Christ lived beyond His age and day;
  For this His heart was tried;
He saved a sinning world—His pay
  Was to be crucified!

If you would help the world to rise
  And break some senseless chains,
The world will pay with hostile cries,
  As Christ was paid in pains.

But if you have a work to do,
  Be not a coward weak;
You know your work; it's here for you—
  Be brave to act and speak!

We owe a debt of gratitude
  To Christ and other souls
Who fought, altho the rabble rude
  Exacted heavy tolls.

So live to point the better path,
  And banish sin and woe;
Nor shirk when ingrates strike in wrath—
  Gain courage from each blow!

I'LL ALWAYS KEEP AT IT

Be not dismayed if you're not paid
For what you now essay;
For he who works and never shirks
Is bound to win some day!

For years you toil or till the soil—
Your hands and brain are numb;
But never mind—men of your kind
Have forced success to come!

You get no cheer for many a year,
And very little praise?
Cease not your song—for seven years long
Napoleon won no bays!

So let each day and record say:
"I've done the best I can";
Though long the road and great the load
You'll some day lead the van.

Remember, man, that those who can
Face failures, often hit.
Success awaits the man who states:
I'll always keep at it!

IT'S WORTH THE PRICE

In the midnight hours of sorrow,
In the darkness of despair,
I have thought that life's great burden
Was more than I could bear.

How often, Oh, how often,
I have thought, "It is no use;
There's naught in store for such as I,
But sorrow and abuse".

I have longed to banish my sorrow,
And to quit life's troubled sea;
I have prayed that the dawn might find my soul
Safe in eternity.

In life's dark hour of sadness,
At times when I fain would die,
There came the one hope eternal;
"Reward somehow is nigh!"

And in all of the hours of struggle,
In the black nights of despair,
The wee still voice would whisper
"Work on, and strive, and dare!"

And I was not mistaken,
Though years it took to win.
No soul shall ever fail, my friend,
Who has courage and life within!

So never dare think of giving up,
Nor think the great battle lost:
Just grit your teeth and do your best—
It's worth all it may cost!

HANDICAPPED

In life's great race that all must run,
I did not get a start
Until I saw the noonday sun
Its cruel radiance dart;
Contestants well upon their way
Had passed pole after pole
When I got started late that day—
A handicapped poor soul!

Physique a joke—O direful start!
The homeliest face e'er bred;
And in my breast a bleeding heart
That cried out to be dead.
Some runners on the course of life
Had passed the half-way pole
Before I got into the strife
And started for the goal.

Now 'neath the home wire some have gone,
To get their "rubbing down";
And plans for races new are drawn;
New heroes wait the crown.
I lag behind with humbler men,
And pass my earliest pole,
But yet the time is coming when
I, too, shall reach my goal!

USE A LITTLE SAND

When your wheels begin to slip,
Use a little sand!
When upon the ice you trip,
Use a little sand!
Sand will set the wheels aright;
Sand will put your fears to flight;
Sand will help you win the fight;
Use a little sand!

When the glass needs stiffening up,
Use a little sand!
When you're racing for life's cup,
Use a little sand!
Sand will brace your flagging nerve;
Sand will help you not to swerve;
Sand will ease each dangerous curve;
Use a little sand!

When the mortar's thin and weak,
Use a little sand!
When your fortune you would seek,
Use a little sand!
Sand will straighten up your back;
Sand of doubt will clear the track;
Sand, perhaps, is what you lack—
Use a little sand!

LIFE'S BALL GAME

The game of life is on—don't quit—
Play Ball!
Each day you face the pitcher's box,
Each hour's a "strike", a "foul" or "hit",
The game of life is filled with knocks—
Play Ball!

You've tried and failed? Brace up, don't scowl!
Play Ball!
The man who fails and tries again
Has made no "strike"—'tis but a "foul"—
Grasp firm your bat, e'en though in pain!
Play Ball!

You've struck again and missed the "sphere"?
Play Ball!
Life's Umpire calls another "strike"!
Success is won by strikes most dear;
Play up and leap life's widest dike.
Play Ball!

You face life's pitcher's twirling ball,
(Play Ball!)
And cannot even make a bunt?
Stand up and try, although you fall—
Face brave and strong life's every brunt!
Play Ball!

"Strike Two"! has hit the catcher's mitt;
Play Ball!
"Three Balls" on you've been counted, too!
But don't give up—you'll make a hit
Before "strike three" is called on you!
Play Ball!

HOPE COMES WITH THE DAWN

Like a depressing shroud o'er field and wood
The shades of sable night descend again;
And dismal as the darkness is my mood,
With thoughts of failure, and bleak dreams of pain.

Involved in dusk, I meditate alone,
And watch the ghosts of dead designs stalk by,
The curtain flutters—by chill breezes blown—
And panic strikes me, though I know not why.

The brooding shadows of mistakes long past
Engulf my spirit as the stifling tomb,
And comes the fancy to my soul aghast
That in God's world for me there is no room.

Long madd'ning hours I yearn for the release
Of a swift bullet through my aching brow;
Again I curse the days devoid of peace,
And pray that cruel Fate may end me now.

Thus all the night my soul affrighted gropes,
Swept by mad streams that through black caverns run;
My reason shakes—confusion slays my hopes—
When lo! from heav'nly bowers the rising sun!

Thrice-blessed light! Prime gift of holy grace!
Hope leaps resurgent with the roseate dawn;
Dark fears of night to living thoughts give place,
And the cleansed soul resolves to struggle on!

Each morn holds hope, lie it however deep
  Beneath the stern vicissitudes of life;
So let each night be spent in healing sleep,
  A source of vigor for the daily strife.

And should at eve your fitful pulse run low;
  The pulse that ought with sanguine zeal to beat;
Tell to yourself as to your couch you go,
  That you will conquer—triumph o'er defeat!

So with the rising sun each blessed day;
  That orb omnipotent, serene, and still;
New hopes are born, and a new strength to say:
  "All things I'll conquer, with unbroken WILL!"

LIFE'S NECTAR

Sour wine with a little sugar
Is often mild and sweet;
The nectar of life, soured by trial and strife,
For most of us is meet.

Life's trials can oft be sugared
With a cheering smile and thought,
And wonders strange with alchemic change
By smiling are often wrought.

The sour wine of life then sugar,
By a sunny thought and smile,
And each bitter cup with joy's balm fill up—
With a laugh your woes beguile!

DON'T WAVE THE FLAG OF WHITE

Advance! Retreat! Slow down and tack!
Seek cover under night!
Retrace your steps! Back up and load!
Don't wave the flag of white!

Footsore and bruised; ready to drop—
You're in a piteous plight.
Though ammunition's almost gone,
Don't wave the flag of white!

Recede! Retire! Shrink back! Withdraw!
But do not think of flight!
Take anything misfortune gives—
Don't wave the flag of white!

Although you do not know it, friend,
There is a way to fight,
Though you're pressed hard on ev'ry side—
Don't wave the flag of white!

THEY NEVER THINK IT'S PLUCK

When a man goes in with might and main,
And fights to hell and back again,
They say it's only luck.
They never think he stemmed the tide;
Held down the devils at his side—
They never think it's pluck.

When other men with equal chance
Fight not but flee the devil's lance,
They say it's only luck.
When they, too, might have done the same
Had they the nerve to play the game—
They never think it's pluck.

When he who foiled each devil's lunge
With each defeat makes one more plunge,
They say it's only luck.
If in the end, though scarred and lame,
He comes on top a man of fame—
They never think it's pluck.

When every one gives up the fight;
Leaves him alone all through the night,
They only say it's luck.
If when the break of day comes clear
And victory's his, or very near—
They never think it's pluck.

With all men cowards on the ship,
Save one with cool, stiff upper lip,
They say it's only luck.
If he alone there "keeps the fort",
And steers her safely into port—
They never think it's pluck.

They never think how he was beat;
Of sleepless nights; of bleeding feet;
They only say it's luck.
They never think he plunged and worked
When they themselves reclined and shirked—
They never think it's pluck.

They never think they called him "fool"
When they themselves would him o'errule;
They say it's only luck.
Forget how well he took abuse
And plugged away to beat the deuce—
They never think it's pluck.

They think not how he rode the flood;
Or ponder how he sweated blood—
They only say it's luck.
When they displayed the feather white,
And huddled close, benumbed with fright,
They never thought it pluck.

If other men begin the race,
But fall behind the steady pace,
O then they say it's luck.
When they drop out and are forgot,
And others reach the goal a-trot,
They never think it's pluck.

When they declare "It can't be done",
And leave alone that struggling one,
O then they say it's luck.
When in the end he "pulls her through"
And shows it might be done by you—
They never think it's pluck.

When he is wrecked with scar and bruise,
They say, they told him 'twas no use—
O then it's only luck.
If beaten, mangled, maimed and sore,
He shows they're wrong—and gains the shore,
They never think it's pluck.

When, by the world with laurels wreathed,
He still maintains his sword unsheathed;
To them it's only luck.
They never think that all his life
He's fought, and still is in the strife—
Oh, can't they see it's pluck!

LIFE'S TREASURY

Sometime to him who will not quit
And works in honesty,
On him a crown of life will sit—
His efforts treasury.

"THERE ONCE WAS A MAN WHO WANTED TO DIE"

There once was a man who wanted to die,
As he labored 'neath burdens and care;
He would fain take "the wings of the morning" and fly,
For his load seemed too heavy to bear.

His cup of black sorrow was oft running o'er,
And sometimes when he thought he saw light,
Then it seemed as though God did but curse him the more,
Till his life was one long, dreary night.

I wonder if that man could ever be you—
That poor soul who wanted to die?
Did you weaken or fail, and for death did you sue?
I wonder? That man once was I!

But my hour of dark doubting was long, long ago,
Ere I marshalled the pow'r of my will;
Then my spirits were sinking, and life ebbing low,
But today I can conquer each ill.

For the masterful magic of God-given will
Makes the faintest of spirits grow strong;
And I know I can clamber up Life's stony hill,
Be it ever so high or so long.

So develop the pow'r of your forces within;
Make just one effort more, friend—just try!
Then you'll soon be the man who can lift up his chin—
Not the weakling who wanted to die!

I'LL LIVE ABOVE IT ALL

I'll ask no sanction of the throng,
Nor cheers of passers by;
For if I'm right or if I'm wrong,
I'll do my best or die!

The crowd may fling its hateful hiss,
I'll never heed the call;
For if my goal I hit or miss,
I'll live above it all!

I only ask that I be true,
Then let the ribald cry!
And though my laurels prove but few,
Content I'll live or die.

The throng may wreck my fortune here,
And low may seem my place;
But I'll strive on, and though none cheer,
I will not hide my face!

I'll take my fate and squarely stand;
Though fainting, I'll not fall!
I'll do my best with heart and hand,
And live above it all!

YOU'LL GET THERE, TOO

Some other man secures a lead
While you are in the rear;
The fairest flowers bedeck his mead,
Though yours is bare and sere;
And as he lives with pride and grace,
And basks in boons profuse,
You sometimes fear, in your small place,
That you are of no use.

Some other man, with early start,
Ascends round after round,
While you gaze up with aching heart
From your own lowly ground.
You hear him reap the world's applause
While you in silence dwell;
Yet are you sure about the cause,
Or that he **does** excel?

The preacher says our chance and time
Will reach us all some day,
So slacken not your upward climb,
Nor let your falls dismay.
The chance will come—the time is set—
Though little you may know;
So battle on, and you will yet
Feel Fortune's kindest glow!

The man who wins with little strife,
And early leads the race,
Will sip no more of pleasant life
Than he of harder place.
Some conquer early in the fight,
Others toil hard and late,
And he gains glory's keenest light
Who longest strives with Fate!

Some men are helped along the way
By money, word, or smile,
With many a joy to ease the day
And soothe each weary mile.
The help you need may be deferred
Till shadows long are cast,
But you will some time hear the word,
And reach your goal at last.

So plod along the toilsome path
With eyes upon the goal,
And soon the sunny aftermath
Will glad your weary soul;
Not e'er the race goes to the swift,
Or laurels to the wise,
So wait in peace till clouds shall lift,
And you shall gain your prize!

WE ALL CAN REACH THE HOME PLATE

Not every man's a home run star,
But all can reach home plate.
We may not hit the ball as far,
But we can trust our fate.
In life's eternal pennant race
Are infield hits and flies,
And each will give us one more base—
The game's to him who tries!

The greatest hitter in the game
A strikeout sometimes makes,
And limps defeated, bruised, and lame,
Replete with bumps and aches.
A dead game player, one who sets
His teeth and grimly darts
Around the bases, always gets
The grandstand's throbbing hearts.

So though we have to circle round
By painful sprints and slides,
Oft spiked as we plough o'er the ground
With sadly peeling hides;
We still can reach home plate some day
While watching fans acclaim,
Each working in his own cool way
To win life's mighty game.

WHY?

How many times I've laid me down
  At night and prayed to die!
How many times I've prayed to God,
  Though all unheard my cry!
Had they but strangled me at birth—
  Too feeble to remain—
I'd give the world and all it holds.
  My fate I can't explain!

What is the use of struggling on
  With such a load to bear?
For when at last my triumph's won—
  Ah, then I shall not care!
This grief my soul long since has numbed;
  I chant a sad refrain;
I'll win, I know, but all too late—
  Who can such ills explain?

Then why fight on? Ah, brother mine,
  That none can fully tell;
I'll strive, I'll lose, I'll rise, I'll fall!
  And yet through all the hell
And anguish that the demons send
  I fail, then try again!
Why Life has tossed us here like this
  No one can yet explain!

I'll battle on against the tide;
  My misery sip alone;
And those who pass my struggling barque
  Shall never hear a groan.
I say I'll win. Ah, that depends!
  Can I withstand the strain,
Or will my power and strength be spent?
  Such strife none can explain!

Before the restless storm abates—
  For tranquil waves I see—
My battered form will dully drift
  Beside Life's gloomy lea.
And yet I'll plunge my oars anew
  Into the foaming main;
I'll make a fight for home and life—
  And yet I can't explain!

Many there are to help me now,
  And save me all my woe;
Why do they not? Another thing
  That man can never know!
We blindly fight and madly crush
  For honor and for gain;
And trample where we ought to help—
  And yet we can't explain!

The beating of your aching heart
  Perhaps I could allay;
And yet I too am hurting you,
  Nor seem to feel dismay.
So clasp my hand, O brother mine,
  And let us share our pain;
Let's play Life's game as friends and MEN,
  Although we can't explain!

WHERE IS SUCCESS?

The line 'twixt failure and succcess
  Is oft so very thin
We scarce can tell where one leaves off,
  And other may begin.

Men often cross into success,
  But with myopic mind
They think they're treading failure's path,
  And quit, as failures blind.

When one more step—another day—
  Would fame and riches bring;
'Twere folly to ignore your goal—
  Work on, hang on, and sing!

Oh, give not up though dark the way;
  Push on! The line's so thin
We scarce can tell where one leaves off,
  Or other may begin!

THEY KNEW YOU WOULD BE GREAT

No one believes in you today;
  They scoff and derogate;
But when you're famous they will say,
  "I knew he would be great!"

Before you're known outside your town
  You're just "a neighbor's son";
The hapless butt of those who frown;
  A mark for Gossip's gun.

A youth to make his mark in verse
  Sets out with soul aflame;
At ev'ry turn he feels the curse
  Of dullards who defame.

They cut him through with hardened look,
  And freeze with words malign;
But when he writes a famous book—
  Why, "He's a friend of mine!"

The boy at home who's cuffed today,
  And feels the critic's spleen,
Some time will hear those dunces bray
  Of friendship warm and keen!

Perhaps you tinker round with tools,
  Or "fiddle" day and night;
Today they call you "worst of fools"—
  Tomorrow, "Always bright!"

The one who sneered at you and said
"Too dull to write his name",
Some day will come and nod his head—
"I knew you'd win the game!"

The meanest tongue upon the earth,
The most Satanic sneak,
Will smirking praise your name and worth—
"I knew you'd scale the peak!"

So keep it up! You've grit to rise!
Mind not how sad your fate;
Although in scorn they now despise,
Some day they'll call you great!

YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A START

If you would hunt the elk or bear,
Or chase the bison with your hounds,
You cannot wait where game is rare—
You must go where that game abounds!

And never will you go and kill
Big game, the pride of hunter's heart,
Unless you train your eye and will—
Unless you try and make a start!

And so it is throughout your life:
Nerve up your will, nerve up your heart.
If you would win in work or strife
You'll have to make a start—a start!

So clench your fists and grit your teeth,
And plunge into the game ahead;
Nor let your sword rust in its sheath—
There's glory yet, before you're dead!

Come, falter not!—begin today—
Don't wait, you'll lose both nerve and heart;
There's danger dire in this delay;
To do big things you first must start!

Plan well your course and make a start;
Know what to do, nor turn away.
Laurels come not to fainting heart—
Decide, and make a start today!

THEY'LL TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT, BUT THEY HAVEN'T DONE IT YET

On every side you'll meet with men,
And friends of gentler sex,
Who'll tell you what you ought to do—
And with sage precepts vex;
They've never done a thing worth while—
On that you well may bet—
But still they'll tell you how to do it,
Though they haven't done it yet!

Perchance it is your luck to teach;
One hundred souls to please,
So they come round and fuss and fume
And sniff and cough and wheeze.
Though they at teaching sadly failed,
On bossing they are set—
And still they'll tell you how to do it
Though they've never done it yet.

Perhaps you used to till the soil
And from it made your "pile",
So you can take life's easy road
And now reside in style.
Your neighbor, blessed with equal chance,
Is still engulfed in debt;
He always told you how to do it,
But he never did it yet!

Or still, perhaps you run a store,
And do so well at it
That you "built on," enlarged your stock,
And made a real hit;
But when you have your ups and downs
And keep the rules you set,
The cranks come round and tell you how,
But they've never done it yet.

Suppose a preacher you have been—
The kind who get things done—
And so successful in your work
You really thought it fun;
But round there came a Deacon "Zeke"
And then a sister "Het"—
"Brothers" and "friends" dictate each move—
But they've never done it yet.

So what's the use to heed such folks—
As failures they're a gem;
If you're to be something in life
You must not follow them.
If you're to win (not in their style!)
Have plans forever set—
For though they tell you how to do it,
They've never done it yet!

YOU'RE BOUND TO JAR THINGS LOOSE

The quarry stone gives way in time
To pounding of man's wedge;
And mountains great are tunnelled through
By constant blows of sledge.

Culebra Cut and Panama
Were not made in a year;
So your high mark and aim shall win—
Your time will come—don't fear!

Long is the road that has no turn,
And though you feel the noose
Of circumstance, just pound away—
You're bound to jar things loose!

The fates may seem to play you foul,
And chance not come your way;
But other men who've won the fight
Have thought as you one day.

Perhaps your road is long and hard,
Your vic'try out of sight;
But pound away—you'll jar things loose—
Plod on—you'll win all right!

Perhaps foul gossip's sland'rous tongue
Has heaped you with abuse;
But keep ahead and pound away—
You're bound to jar things loose!

BRACE UP AND LIVE IT DOWN

When Peter in the days of old
  Denied his Lord and fled,
He threw himself upon the ground
  And wished that he were dead.
But Time with its evolving wand
  Brought Peter Wisdom's crown;
He learned, though grievous his mistake,
  That he could live it down!

So David, hero of his race,
  Mistakes full often made;
But each time he with downcast face
  To his Creator prayed
To purge his guilt, forgive the past;
  In grace his sin to drown;
And though he made some grave mistakes,
  King David lived them down!

No matter what your past has been;
  How checkered be your life;
Repent as David did of old,
  And face earth's rolling strife.
'Tis better far—have no regrets;
  Just rise without a frown,
And if you've made a bad mistake,
  Brace up and live it down!

THE WORLD HAS ROOM FOR YOU, MY FRIEND

If you'll hold out until the end—
  If you will cast the dice;
There's room for you who do your best,
Improve your time, keep at your quest,
And prod yourself—don't lose your zest—
  If you will pay the price.

There's room for you who wish it so,
Where you can win and grow and grow,
  If you'll steer clear of vice;
There's room for all ambitious folk
If they with sin and wrong don't yoke;
If harm they conquer with a joke—
  If they will pay the price.

There's room for you, though you have quit,
Today cast down in life's dark pit,
  If you'll heed sound advice;
There's room for you on life's high sea
  If you conserve your energy,
Work for work's sake—not flattery—
  If you will pay the price.

There's room for you in God's great plan
If you prepare and play the man—
  If naught can you entice;
There's room for you on life's great tide;
If you will conquer self and pride
Your dream to you won't be denied—
  If you will pay the price.

There's room for you but mark it well,
You make your heaven or your hell.
  Fear not to sacrifice;
There's room for all if they but knew,
Reward will come, though late, when due,
But mark it friend, it's up to you—
  For YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!

GRIT

We like the man who gets things done,
Whose work has brought him wealth and fame;
Sometimes we think it's all been fun;
Forget with sweat he played the game;
Forget he often fouled—poor hit—
That it was Grit! Grit! Grit!

Forget he failed, and tried, and failed;
Forget how setbacks in the strife
But spurred him on while others wailed;
Forget the toils that tried his life.
While others on a soap-box sit,
For him 'twas Grit! Grit! Grit!

Forget how often he was spurned;
How others said "It can't be done";
While all the time his poor heart burned
For words of cheer—yet gained not one!
For years his gain was bit by bit;
Aye, it was Grit! Grit! Grit!

The medal comes to him with grit;
The crown to him who'll not give up.
If you're knocked down you must not quit,
To fight, to plug, will win the cup.
While others falter and submit,
Just work with Grit! Grit! Grit!

POEMS
OF
SENTIMENT

COALS OF FIRE

The man who speaks my name with envy's blight,
And tells foul tales abroad in darkest night;
Who each ill rumor hastens to repeat,
And lays a trap to snare my weary feet;
Who weaves his webs of internecine hate
More subtly than the blackest loom of Fate,
I will not try to injure in return—
For he has yet the creed of love to learn!

Though truth he twist until a lie is tame,
Eager to harm, and avid to defame;
Though he recite the things which most I dread,
And burn with flaming brand the path I tread;
Though treacherous pit he dig to curb each move;
I shall not answer him except with love.
I will not try to trip him in return—
For he has yet the creed of love to learn!

I shall not hate my foe, or pay in kind;
To deeds of wrath I shall be deaf and blind.
My foe, poor soul, is on a lower plane,
And he has more to lose than I to gain.
Who stoops to vilify and cast a stone,
Gropes in the gloom of a benighted zone;
And as I dwell in mental realms above,
His spite I'll answer only with my love!

Though poisoned arrows pierce my naked breast,
And slanderous darts disturb my hours of rest;
Though in my path sharp red-hot spikes be laid;
I'll not repay my foe, or him upbraid.
For he who sharpens spikes to bruise and maim
Is far below the calm estate I claim;
I cheapen and debase the sphere I'm in
If I by him be dragged to equal sin.

He is my foe, but only by his will;
For though he strike in rage and seek to kill,
Though oft he force me to avert his thrust,
I will not drag his sullied name in dust.
He slanders—shuts me out—but I will wind
My way into his heart by being kind,
And on his head heap coals of living fire
In loving deeds—my answer to his ire!

The beasts that graze upon the hill and plain
To smirch an honored soul would never deign;
Lower is he who knowingly contrives
To blast with calumny his brothers' lives.
Yet I must be a brother true, and spread
A ring of love about his guilty head;
I dare not stoop to fence or foil in turn,
For ethics of the beast he has to learn!

Why should I wish him ill, or try to lay
A plot to trip his feet? For him I pray;
He needs the love and kindness of my heart,
And what he needs, to him I must impart.
I must not try to snare him in return—
The light of man he does not yet discern:
And one who stoops to harm or blight another,
Is not to man or even beast a brother!

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS

He had houses and acres, and coffers of gold,
Aye, the wealth of a Croesus, immense and untold,
But I noticed a hitch in his walk.
The yachts, cars, and jewels his money had gained
Were but baubles that sated as soon as obtained,
And a sadness I glimpsed in his talk.
So as I see his weary face
Would I desire to take his place?

Though he'd money to live in the summit of style,
By his keen itch for dollars spurred on all the while,
Contentment ne'er stopped at his door;
For the things he possessed were consuming his soul,
And corroding his heart till his god and his goal
Became only a grasping for more.
So as I see his wretched face
I would not care to take his place!

She sat at the opera with jewels displayed,
Bedecked by the cunning of many a maid,
But little of pleasure had she;
She seemed tired and bored as she leaned on the rail,
And her face, 'neath the rouge, told a pitiful tale
Of revels that never brought glee.
So as I see her troubled face
Would I desire to take her place?

They never once knew of the joys to be had
By giving to those who are homeless and sad,
They are misers amidst all their ease.
And they never have looked on the radiance mild
In the eyes of a grateful, affectionate child,
Or held a young life on their knees.
So as I see each wearied face
Oh, let me give—not fill their place!

But I oft pass a workman bent long at his bench,
Who whistles and sings as he toils with his wrench;
His face brightly beaming with smiles.
From his happy old mother I learned his life's tale,
How his brother, sore stricken, he never would fail,
And how other souls' cares he beguiles.
So as I see his happy face
I give—and seek to earn his place!

Thus I envy no soul, be he ever so great,
Who may oft of his riches and dignity prate,
Yet who gives but a little to man.
But I envy the rich men and poor men who live
To spread blessings abroad and benignantly give
All the succor and treasure they can.
If I can cultivate such grace
I'll wish no other mortal's place!

CHARITY

Perhaps my faith is like my race,
An accident of birth,
Determined only by the place
Where first I came to earth.
So for the faiths of every land,
Though many they may be,
If some I cannot understand,
Lord, give me charity.

The faith my fathers died to keep,
The quest for God and life,
Took them o'er mountains high and steep;
Through struggle, stress, and strife.
They served their God as they knew how,
In fashions strange to me;
But if I cannot take their vow,
Lord, give me charity.

And if my neighbors go to church
To learn a different creed;
For God in other ways to search,
And seek the help they need;
Although their forms to me seem odd,
Their ways too far to see,
If through their prayers they come to God,
Lord, give me charity.

Had I been born 'neath China's skies,
To ancestors I'd pray;
Had India met my ope'ning eyes
I'd bow to Brahma's sway.
The creed I hold derives it plan
From where I chance to be,
So when I judge my fellow-man,
Lord, give me charity.

GOOD BYE

Young lovers in the moonlight there,
How hard for them to part!
They've said good bye a dozen times—
"Good bye again, sweetheart!"
The moon grows dim, and darkness deep
Hears now the lover's sigh,
"Oh, would that we might never part!
Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!"

Those lovers true since then have wed,
And happy is their sphere;
Each morning at the garden gate;
"Good bye again, my dear!"
The time speeds by—a baby comes—
A baby of their own!
Then Death stalks past—"Good bye again"—
Once more they are alone!

It is not long before old age
Creeps steadily apace,
And fondly by the dying fire
The two sit face to face.
Dread silence reigns, their thoughts go back,
Back to the long ago;
Back to the moonlight of their love;
To mound now hid by snow!

They only think, they dare not speak,
Too full of woe and love!
Each knows of what the other thinks—
When they shall go above.
Vicissitudes of life were theirs;
In love they heave a sigh
And snuggle closer as they dread
The coming last good bye.

"Good bye" again, for she has gone!
His eyes with tears are bright;
The young man of the long ago,
The old man of tonight.
Oh, life hath dealt this aching heart
Full many a tear and sigh!
He longs to meet those gone before,
Where there is no good bye!

MODERN FAITH

The men of every age have sought
For bliss and virtue in the past;
Have turned the pages back, and taught
That present good can never last.

The church whose doctrines we have borne
Depends upon some bygone creed,
Yet at a touch of change we mourn,
Although the old no more we need.

When thoughts are tied to days of yore,
Far from the living world and power,
We wander on a pathless shore,
Devoid of faith for each new hour.

A faith too rigid cannot know
That earth may change, though God's the same;
That what we craved for long ago
Is less the picture than the frame.

The modern faith adjusts its view
To suit the changing ways of man,
And sees that with conditions new
Our minds may form another plan.

Each phase of science, creed, or art,
Evolves to fit the growing race;
And men for straighter paths depart,
Though God, the goal, maintains His place.

So with the torch of Brotherhood
We onward march in new array,
Empowered to spread a greater good
Than with the step of yesterday.

LOVE A LITTLE EVERY DAY

Love a little every day!
Let the children clamber o'er you,
Let them scurry round your chair;
Let them noisily adore you,
Let them tousle up your hair;
Let them tell you all their stories;
Let them tell their heartaches, too;
Listen gently to their worries,
Let them love and honor you!

Love a little every day!
Rush and rustle, toil and tussle,
Should not drive your love away—
Love a little every day!

Love a little every day!
Love your helpmate, deep regard her,
Faithful spouse through good and ill;
Love her with a lover's ardor,
Tell her that you love her still!
Let her feel your heart's warm beating;
Let her hear your sweet "I do"!
Let her know your love's not fleeting,
For her heart is aching, too!

Love a little every day!
Fret and flurry, woe and worry,
Should not drive your love away—
Love a little every day!

Love a little every day!
You should love your friends a little;
Friends not seen for many a day;
Let no mountain, jot or tittle,
Stand malignly in the way;
Let some comrade know you love him,
Let your heart relieve his load;
Let your blessings float above him—
Love some one along the road!

Love a little every day!
Storm and sighing, care and crying,
Should not drive your love away—
Love a little every day!

WHERE GOD IS FOUND

Man seeks for God in divers ways,
And incense burns at many a shrine;
Some reach Him through melodious lays,
Or learn through bells His power divine.

One finds his God beneath the sky,
By murm'ring pine or babbling stream;
Or in the white clouds floating by,
That bring the soul a nobler dream.

Some men are won by force of mind,
Their souls untouched by pulsing art;
With reason's aid their God they find,
Then come to Him with brain and heart.

Instinct awakens some to rise
To loftiest peaks of sacred zeal,
While others gain their soul's high prize
With what emotion's founts reveal.

So when a kindly friend tells me
That God is far away and dim,
I do not scorn the sympathy,
But know that divers ways reach Him.

I shall not chide, or sharply swear
My friend is wrong and others right,
For freedom has God's holiest care,
And all are precious in His sight.

Nature to some the light conveys;
In others service saves the soul;
As many men, so many ways,
But every path leads to the goal!

LOVE IS KING

In days of Sphinx and Pyramid
Men crowned a god of stone,
And to a dark, deluded world
His royal power was shown.
In Hellas art was likewise crowned,
In Rome the law was king,
Whilst men in our new Western land
Of steel and cotton sing.

Each era crowned its sovereign lord,
Yet all have been uncrowned
By other monarchs, one by one,
And laid within the ground.
But through the ages that have passed,
And ages time shall bring,
One monarch reigns above the rest—
Pure Love, eternal king!

How great our error, when we seat
The god of Greed and Gold
Upon the throne of human life,
Our faith and praise to hold!
The power of right, o'er all supreme
Since sang the stars at morn,
The king of human brotherhood,
Is Love, divinely born!

For Love was sown in mortal souls
When God first fashioned man,
And through the changing aeons grew
By the Creator's plan;
Its roots sank deep, its trunk grew strong,
Its branches clasp the world,
And 'neath its shade we see the flag
Of brotherhood unfurled.

Forevermore this king shall reign,
For Love its own hath won;
In home and forum, town and vale,
We see its bidding done.
And through the world of greed and hate,
Borne on the morning's wing,
The conquering child of God shall ride—
Blest Love, resistless king!

So though from out the shadowy past
A million beasts have sprung,
And 'neath the stars of primal skies
Unholy anthems rung,
One force above the rest ascends
To wield increasing might;
The force of sempiternal Love,
Offspring of God and Light!

GOD IS EVERYWHERE

If on the wings of morning bright
I seek an unknown land,
I cannot flee from out Thy sight,
Or lose Thy guiding hand.

If I forsake the paths of good,
And into darkness go,
Thy star of hope, with cheer indued,
Shall help me in my woe.

If like the Prodigal I turn,
Ungrateful, low, and base;
From me, though all Thy love I spurn,
Thou wilt not hide Thy face.

If into vice and crime I stray,
And live in pleasures vain,
Though all Thy words I disobey,
Thy mercies will remain.

If I slip from Thy sheltering wing
And seek the utmost sea,
Though far my erring path I fling,
I cannot hide from Thee.

Though I resign to earth or hell
My spirit's precious care,
The heavings of my conscience tell
That God is everywhere.

Such love will win a heart of stone,
A sinner dyed in red,
Though long his days in evil's zone,
With conscience dull as lead.

He holds thy pardon every hour;
Forgiveness ask and get;
And know, while bowing to His power,
Thy God is with thee yet!

"ABANDON YOUR HATES"

"Let's quit all this palaver about cutting one another's throats in a 'Trade War' after military hostilities have ceased".—Viscount Bryce.

Hate blocks the commerce of the earth,
The arteries of trade;
Not one advance for all mankind
By hate was ever made.
But Oh, the devastation black
That hate has brought the world;
Mankind for centuries held back,
And lives in Chaos hurled!

Hate takes the bread from mouths of poor,
And kills with stinging blight;
Hate sets the race of men on edge
Till day is turned to night.
Hate makes mankind a skeleton
A-dangling in the dark,
And bones of men for ages past
Form hatred's milestone mark.

The march of centuries agone
Kept beat with hatred's tread,
Until the Kingdoms of the world
At hatred's feet lay dead;
Each Empire that men built and loved,
At last assumed its place
Beside the other conquered ones—
Through hatred of the race.

The spreading nations, great and small,
Might rich and fruitful be,
But for the one great curse of man,
That thwarts our liberty.
Hate in the days of Nineveh,
Of Tyre, of Greece, of Rome,
Has been the primal curse of man,
To blight his peaceful home.

Why keep it up; why hate like brutes;
Why ruin prospects bright
By nursing in the breast of man
This hate which leads to fight?
Oh! Chant with me this earnest song—
"Why let your hate survive?"
'Twill gain no end, except to keep
The flames of war alive!

WHAT IS GOD?

The God I love, to man is shown
As spirit, truth, and kindly care,
Whose lavish hand for all His own
Is manifested every where.

He is my Father, mild but strong,
A counsellor of boundless might,
Who heals the sick, forgives the wrong,
And makes the heavy heart grow light.

My God is Spirit, pulsing Life,
Whose vast creating watchful power
Solves every knot in time of strife
And comforts in the darkest hour.

My God is Friend, Companion, Guide,
Who at His duty never sleeps;
Who's always present at my side,
And lovingly His vigil keeps.

But not for me alone He cares,
Or for my nation or my clan;
The Life celestial that He shares
Is linked with every mortal man!

MY WISH

The talents which the Lord gave me
Not great or gainful are,
But what He gave I'll tend and save
By spreading them afar.

My life will grow by giving out,
Though never do I hold
That what is mine by grace benign
Will bring me lands or gold.

But should great riches come to me
At some bright future hour,
'Twould be my care with man to share
My fortune and my power.

I could not be a happy man,
Or claim a peaceful soul,
Should I retain each thing I gain
Within my small control.

If fame, that distant, happy goal,
Should ever be my fate,
The jewelled crown would bear me down
Could I not share its weight.

My wish is ever to divide
The blessings I may gain;
Could I not give, I would not live—
All would be empty pain.

If I should wield a monarch's power
I'd have to share my throne;
Let others claim a royal fame
As mighty as my own.

Good health has blessed me with its boons,
So conscious of the gift
I'll use that strength throughout life's length
My neighbors' cares to lift.

The trust in God bequeathed to me
By wise parental mind,
I'll use to cheer the lone and drear,
And tell to all mankind.

But should good fortune find my gaze
No longer fixed on high;
Should I forget the aim I set,
'Twere better I should die.

And so my prayer to heaven ascends
That I may faithful be;
That I may know the altar-glow
Of broad humanity.

THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

He dreamed a dream in youthful days,
And built his castles high and well;
Pictured the glow of fortune's rays,
When he in golden halls would dwell.
He thought that wealth would bring him joy,
But happiness took wings and fled;
And when the visions of the boy
Came true, his taste for joy was dead!

He used his money and his power
To wrest from life each fancied boon,
Unmindful of the passing hour
Till fell the shades of afternoon;
He won the fear of mighty men,
And with his gold their praises sought;
But one day strove for love—and then
Found out that love cannot be bought!

With throngs of serfs he pleased his pride,
With palaces his fame he fed;
But joy slipped ever from his side,
And farther seemed the prize ahead.
He plunged in work to gain his will,
And selfishly pressed toward the goal;
But though his coffers he could fill,
He lost his health and starved his soul.

While fighting death he learned to play,
And for a time held life's great prize;
But when the freshness wore away,
Still darker frowned the empty skies.
He searched each field for pleasure's glow;
Explored the world for cherished rest:
His castles of the long ago
Were built, except the last and best!

So when his money, power, and land
Had failed to bring the longed-for calm,
At last he let a friend's warm hand
Slip into his with healing balm.
And as the sound of friendship's strain
Echoed in melodies that bless,
He learned that giving, and not gain,
Brings lasting peace and happiness.

Then, op'ning wide his heart to love,
He loosed his purse-strings; gave his gold;
And blest with favors from above,
Found hearts aglow that once were cold.
And lo! In giving what he had,
And helping where he once made strife,
The dreams he dreamed when but a lad
Came true, for service filled his life!

"BONE DRY"

The "Dry" Race Course encircled the land,
The "Wets" led in the race;
Then brave Neil Dow and the State of Maine
For Temperance set a pace.
They got a start, they passed the wire,
But void of shouts and cheer;
For the Wets had "pockets", and hugged the pole—
Only one Dry charioteer!

A Dry pace set, they jogged along
With a calm and smiling face,
They knew some time their pace would win—
When others joined the race.
The National W. C. T. U.
Alone with a word of cheer,
No one to race with the State of Maine—
Only one Dry charioteer!

The chariot wheels of Temperance slow
Revolved, got jammed and clogged;
But move they did, and others joined,
And the Dry Race jogged and jogged.
The Wets led far and laughed aloud,
And sneered their ghastly sneer,
But the Drys gained ground, and proud they were
With the South the charioteer!

The Race is nearing the end today.
The Drys are in the lead;
The Wets who sneered have changed their tune—
"Bone Dry" is now our creed.
The chariot's past the home stretch now.
And win she has, so cheer,
The COUNTRY'S now bone dry for sure—
The PEOPLE the charioteer!

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

Old Glory stands for freedom
On continent and sea;
For rights of nations great or small;
For world wide liberty.
Old Glory stands for freedom's reign
Oe'r ev'ry sea and land;
The Stars and Stripes, protecting you,
Ask you to take a stand!

Where do you stand? For freedom
On continent and sea;
For rights of nations great or small;
For worldwide liberty?
The Stars and Stripes, protecting you,
Are right in their demand;
Old Glory you must answer now,
And tell her where you stand!

And should you dodge the issue—
A Neutral try to be—
And put on others' bending backs
The fight for liberty;
Then should Old Glory point to you
And make a sharp demand
That you return to foreign ports
Or show her where you stand!

SACRIFICE

To Galilee's immortal shore
Came One Who gave, divine and free,
His life, that man might everymore
Know brotherhood and liberty.
A sacrifice no other made
He placed upon the altar-stone;
Nor can the debt by me be paid,
Though all I have I make His own!

He bound us all by deeds of love,
And purchased us by sacrifice;
To draw His spirit from above
Mankind in turn must pay the price.
Our lives and riches must be hurled
Free at His feet if we would gain
His blessed help to win the world,
And bring His touch to heal our pain.

We who have heard His story told,
And know His life of tenderness,
Take comfort from the word of old
That He the weary world shall bless;
But others, now in darkness dim,
Except by our unselfish deed
Can never find the way to Him,
Though grievously His help they need.

Since 'tis by sacrifice alone
That He with all His boons is ours,
His cause on earth is overthrown
If we pay not with all our powers.
He counts on ev'ry spirit won
To save the world—to pay the price—
And we have left our part undone
Unless we truly sacrifice.

To Galilee's immortal shore
Came One Who gave, divine and free,
His life, that man might evermore
Know brotherhood and liberty.
A sacrifice no other made
He placed upon the altar-stone;
Nor can the debt by me be paid,
Though all I have I make His own!

I SHALL NOT FEAR

From whence I come I do not know,
Nor can I even guess;
But while I'm here I'll persevere
To work in faithfulness.

Whither I drift I do not know,
But this I'll bear in mind;
Whate'er my goal, I'll keep my soul
Forever good and kind.

How long I'll stay I do not know,
But I am not dismayed;
I only need to do each deed,
Sincere and unafraid.

What end draws nigh I do not know,
As speeds each fleeting year;
But God of Love rules from above—
Father, I do not fear!

THE FRUITS OF MASONRY

Through all the centuries of time
That Masonry has sailed,
Her chaste white head has braved abuse
That lashed but ne'er prevailed;
And through it all Her portly ship
Withstood the raging sea,
For patience, calm, and fortitude
Are fruits of Masonry.

"He was reviled", but no rebuke
Came from His pious lips;
Although reviled, in vitriol ink
Her pen she never dips;
When She's assailed and vilified,
Her sword from wrath is free,
For kindness and forgiving heart
Are fruits of Masonry.

No luring pay or gross rewards
Are offered if you join,
For brothers' aid and faithfulness
Are Masonry's true coin;
What brother Mason ever felt
Alone upon life's sea?
Ah! well we know Her helping hand—
The fruit of Masonry.

When wrath of creed and dogma stirs
  The earth and church about;
Sectarian struggles wildly rage,
  And Man is left in doubt;
Ah! then it is that Masons stand
  For immortality,
And doubt is overcome by faith—
  The fruit of Masonry!

HAPPINESS

He travelled the world for happiness,
Though what he sought lay secure at home;
He fancied the wealth of the world would bless
His empty life, so he left to roam.
Success he won, and a store of gold,
And he nourished his mind with learned lore,
But though gay he lived, the grim thoughts of old
Sat spectre-like by his palace door.

He worked for himself, and only himself,
And thought of none other as hard he strove;
But the more he gained of his worldly pelf
The less he harbored of joy and love.
He ceased his search, and unhappy still
Watched his poorer brothers find peace each day,
The while he wondered what brooding ill
Strewed boulders of care on his troubled way.

He had houses and lands, and vaults replete,
And a surfeit of all that power could buy;
But nothing brought happiness to his feet,
And with wrinkled forehead he wondered why.
On the crowded sidewalks beside his gate
Tramped piteous throngs of the hungry poor,
But no thought he gave to their sorry state,
Though they held the peace he could not secure.

He passed a mother in pauper's plight,
And though someone said 'twas his lucky day,
His purse he clutched with a grasp more tight,
And the peace he had sought thrust again away.
A homeless boy, alone in the world
With nothing to aid him toward his goal,
The rich man out of his pathway hurled—
He thought of the cost and robbed his soul.

Thus fared he on, though the long-sought rest
At his gate stood knocking all the while,
With its counsel to give and be truly blest,
And its knowledge that kindness brings a smile.
At last the tapping he faintly heard,
And the door of his heart threw open wide,
When lo!—from GIVING at once there stirred
The joy that his years of search denied!

PATRIOTIC POEMS

OLD GLORY, WE'RE BEHIND YOU!

Our Flag was born in times of strife;
We say this to remind you
That once again we pledge our life—
Old Glory, We're behind you!

The Past that made our Flag so grand
To future deeds should bind you;
We say it as we proudly stand—
Old Glory, We're behind you!

Old Glory's folds bring off our hat,
Alert they always find you,
Each blood-stained stripe, tells nations that
Old Glory, We're behind you!

Then come along whatever will,
Great trials that may blind you;
Heirs of the Past, we promise still—
Old Glory, We're behind you!

THE LIBERTY BELL

'Twas in a distant new-born world,
Away from tyrants' fettered past,
That a new flag its folds unfurled,
And on the air fell Freedom's blast.
The Bell of Liberty rang out
With winged golden notes and clear,
And Freedom's accents, in a shout,
Proclaimed that Justice should reign here.

'Twas when the common men of earth
No hope, no joy, could ever feel,
In all but name of servile birth,
Ground down by tyrant's iron heel;
In that bleak time—man's darkest night—
The Bell of Freedom struck the hour
That brought the first faint ray of light—
The death-knell of the tyrant's power.

'Twas but a few who tolled the bell,
Yet the glad sound was heard afar,
And nations then began to tell
Of a new world—of Freedom's star.
The tolling bell of Freedom's birth
The master tyrants put to rout;
To keep its cause upon the earth,
O Bell of Liberty, ring out!

Ne'er for a moment shall it cease!
Its sound must circle round the world;
The Bell of Liberty brings peace—
Without it, Freedom's flag is furled.
O Freedom's Bell, ring loud, ring long!
Grown clearer by long use and years,
You peal to all the freeman's song,
And dry the fettered's eyes and tears!

You sound the joyous note of Hope;
Your voice is melody supreme;
You are the buoy as poor men grope
Their way to safety through Life's stream.
O Freedom's Bell, Columbia sighs;
Her sons the tyrants e'er will rout.
Here Freedom's born! Here never dies!
The Bell of Liberty, ring out!

OUR DEBT

In sacrifice our land was wrought
On many a battled field of pain,
By those whom now with rev'rent thought
We shrine in Freedom's holiest fane.
Secure today because they bled,
As in their peaceful land we dwell,
'Tis not for us to claim the dead
Till we have sacrificed as well.

Each pleasing comfort that we know,
Each glory that we vaunt with pride,
We of this mighty epoch owe
To fathers who for freedom died.
They gave their best with joyous will;
Kindled the torch that lights our door;
Nor can our debt be cancelled till
We sacrifice as they of yore.

How lately did the cannon sound
To save our liberty anew!
How many sleep in sacred ground
Because to duty they were true!
We who were shielded by their power
Can only for their service pay
By sacrifices ev'ry hour
Of this securer, happier day.

To keep the boons our heroes gained
Each living soul must strive to win
By sacrifice, though hard attained,
The strength to vanquish hate and sin.
They died to make us proud and free,
But of that devastating price
What man of us can worthy be
Except by willing sacrifice?

THE SPIRIT IS THE THING

It's not the legs that make the man,
(A centipede has more!)
Nor is it always hands that count
In waging life's stern war.
The men who win the greatest race,
Or to the summit spring,
Do not get there by legs and arms—
The Spirit is the thing!

The poet sings of eyes of blue—
How wonderful are eyes!
But Milton lost the use of his—
So sight gains not the prize!
Eyes count for much, but not for all,
And though vast boons they bring,
They cannot make the future great—
The Spirit is the thing!

The melodies of God's great world
Are dumb to many ears;
But what would Helen Keller be
If this should wreck her years?
Beethoven mighty music wrote—
Through time his praises ring—
So hearing does not make the man—
The Spirit is the thing!

Our soldiers, maimed and blind for life,
Return revered and great,
For with the aid that we can give,
They'll snap their thumbs at fate.
The souls within their shattered forms
Will soar on vict'ry's wing;
They'll reach in life their highest goals—
The Spirit is the thing!

THEY FOUGHT THE FOE

They dealt the blow that saved the day
When France and Belgium prostrate lay;
Old Hindenburg turned pale at last,
Afraid to face the coming blast,
While France took hope and Belgium life,
And Italy renewed the strife.
They fought the foe for you—these men—
Give them a lift to life again!

When conquering Huns with might and main
Came swarming o'er the ravaged plain,
And Gauls and Britons, well-nigh spent,
Fell victims to their mad intent,
Our Yankee lads, with strength replete,
Snatched vict'ry's laurels from defeat:
They fought the foe for you—these men—
Give them a lift to life again!

They fought the foe—but great the cost;
The arms that struck the blow are lost!
And legs that many a hero bore,
Will bear him on to fame no more.
Full many an eye that glowed so bright
Today is doomed to endless night:
They fought the foe for you—these men—
Give them a lift to life again!

They are before us—'tis our plan
To make their lives count to the man.
Not one a derelict shall be
While lives on earth our liberty.
Each risked his all the Hun to stem;
The boys saved us—now we'll save them.
They fought the foe for you—these men—
Give them a lift to life again!

YE MAIMED, WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!

There is a limp now in their walk;
Some never see the light;
But mark their poise of soul and mind—
As great as in the fight!
Their heads are high, their handclasp firm,
Our heroes now for aye.
We're prouder far of them right now
Than when they marched away!

They fought the Hun and did it well,
And set the whole world free;
They paid the price with leg and arm,
For you and Liberty.
And as we view their shattered forms
With grateful voice we say,
We're prouder of them right now
Than when they marched away!

What if a shot or bursting shell
Tore off a hand or limb?
Each boy we honor in his plight—
We're prouder far of him!
Though they may lose an arm or leg
While holding Huns at bay,
Their spirit's just as high and brave
As when they marched away!

They did their work and did it well—
  Just what we'd like to do—
And that's the reason, brothers bold,
  That we are proud of you.
We worship ev'ry scar you bear,
  And truthfully can say,
We're prouder far of you right now
  Than when you marched away!

THE BOYS WENT OVER THE TOP FOR YOU

A soldier laddie returns from France,
Where he fought his fight and took his chance.
An empty sleeve tells the price he paid,
And he's finished for life unless we aid.
He's crippled, it's true, but his spirit's high,
And he lives today though he dared to die.
He offered his all—what will you do?
The Boys went over the top for you!

He offered his life; he offered his all—
And twice on the battle-field did he fall.
The first time his wounds were not so grave,
But the second time he was harder to save;
So here on a wooden leg he stands.
(They buried the other with one of his hands.)
He offered his all—what will you do?
The Boys went over the top for you!

When we see these heroes, and what they bear,
We should blush if we have not done our share.
Can we hold up our heads in their time of need,
When our coffers are fat with the fruits of greed?
They must have **our** aid to start them right,
As we had **theirs** in the gory fight.
They have offered all—what will you do?
The Boys went over the top for you!

So let us give to these gallant boys
A start in life, and a share of its joys—
Then we can feel we have had some part
In the struggle that tries the soul and heart.
Our money will do if we have no more,
Though 'tis little, beside the cross they bore.
We'll give to the maimed—and freely, too—
To those who leaped over the top for you!

DIALECT VERSE

VY CAN'T IT BE DID?

Some dime you meet vid vun crazy guy
Mit a nose on his face und a grouch in his eye,
    Who says, "You can never vunce did it!"
Schust valk right up to dot chap und say,
"Since ven do you own der vorld any vay?
Get oudt of my path—it's my pusy day"—
    Und he vill did it!

Ven der grouch comes along mit a dark prown taste,
Und his foolish vords on you tries to vaste,
    Und says, "You can never vunce did it."
Schust you say out loud mit your tongue und your hand,
"Vot do you know of var on der porder land?
Get oudt of mine vay, or you soon can't stand!"
    Und you vill did it!

Don't you play der pull ven dey vave der vite flag,
Und get hot in der head und chew der rag;
    Und cry, "I can never vunce did it!"
Hitch your pants vunce pehind, draw der puckle vunce more,
Und pitch into piziness schust like it vas var—
Und ven you haf conquered der whole vorld vill roar
    Dot you did it!

Vot right has a man mid a face on his chin
To plock all der progress dot you did pegin,
Py saying, "You never can did it?"
He don't own der vorld, und he never vunce vill,
If you go right along mit a smile on your pill,
Und never vunce growl, you vill climb der long hill.
Schust you did it!

Schust spit on der ground, on your palms vunce again,
Und look at dot chap who has got such a pain,
Und says dot you never vill did it;
Shake your fist py his mouth, grit your teeth mid yourself,
Und tell him to stay on der fault finding shelf;
Dot you surely vill did it—in spite of dot elf—
You den vill did it!

NOTHING IS TOO BIG

Suppose dot your cares vas so big und so high
Ach, schust like an elephant, up toward der sky;
Und so big und so awful you dink dey von't vent
Like der moving-vise Arabs dot fold vunce dere tent.
Suppose dot dey look like an elephant's feet,
Dot ain't any reason dey cannot be beat!
Der elephant runs not so fast as der hound,
But he gets vot he goes for, dough slow on der ground!

Suppose dot your pisness is, och, oh, so tough,
Dot each dime you turn der vorld uses you rough;
So tough ess your job und predictament in,
Schust like der rhinoceros' bullet-proof skin.
Dot essn't no reason vy you should giff up,
For der dog like der oak tree must grow from a pup.
From acorns dot's leedle der tree spreads out vide;
Und der old rhino gets dere because of tough hide!

Suppose dot your vorries vas high like sheraffe;
For veeks you've not smiled, let alone vunce to laugh;
Der sheraffe has his troubles, his front legs so tall
If ever he'd slip vunce, he'd die mit der fall.
But vot iss der use to vish someding dot ain't?
Der sheraffe vins hiss battles mit no sour complaint.
If he gets along svingingly all drough hiss life,
Vy, mit all of your troubles you'll win in der strife!

Suppose dot your gait ain't so fast like a hare,
Remember der snail und how vunce he got dere.
It's not if your troubles ess big und ess fat,
Und you have to go slowly in svinging your bat;
It's not if you run like a stag or a deer,
Und you live all your life like a round sleeked-up steer;
It's not vot's der matter, but how you can fight—
Ef you hang bravely on, you vill come out all right!

DER GUN VAS NEVER VUNCE LOADED

Hans Schonson lost his vad last night,
  Und he feels quite undone;
Some purglar dread aimed at his head
  Some ding schust like a gun;
Und Hans almost exploded—
  But yet, dat gun, py schimmany, son,
Vas never yet vunce loaded!

I saw a schap throw up his hands,
  Py schimmany, yaw, vunce, straight,
Pecause dot schap got vun hard slap
  Py Yawcob or py fate;
Und he right dere exploded;
  Der gun of fate struck vunce his pate—
Put never vunce was loaded!

Yaw, das is it, mine friend, mine friend,
  Mine friend, schoost pe contented;
Der sort of gun to make you run
  Vas never yet invented;
(But if it vas—exploded!)
  Dere's many a son, Oh, pe not vun,
To yield ven der gun ain't loaded!

So ven der storm-clouds like a sea
  Come sailin' o'er der plue,
Aldough dey're plack like vun coal-sack
  Dey ne'er can vanquish you;
Dey'll pe some dime exploded—
  So vhy pe dead—shot in der head—
Py der gun dot vas not loaded?

VY NOT KEEP A-GOING?

If you're stuck out in der mud,
Keep a-going!
If your car stops mit a thud,
Keep a-going!
Vot's der use to sit und vhine
Ven der fish is on your line,
Und der bright sun soon vill shine?
Keep a-going!

Though you feel like giving out,
Keep a-going!
Do not falter, frown, or pout,
Keep a-going!
Vot's der use of standing still
Ven you must go up der hill?
Brace yourself und use your vill—
Keep a-going!

If your poat haf run aground,
Keep a-going!
You can't vin py hanging round,
Keep a-going!
If der paddle's proke or split,
Do not still or idle sit—
Spend your time by fixing it!
Keep a-going!

If your horse haf dropped down dead,
Keep a-going!
Get anoder in its stead—
Keep a-going!
If your leg iss proke in two,
Und you vunder vot to do,
Use der gut vun vot haf you!
Keep a-going!

If your feet haf gone asleep,
Keep a-going!
If you're in der svamp stuck deep,
Keep a-going!
If your throat iss parched und dry,
Und you dink you want to die—
Do not do it! Vunce more try!
Keep a-going!

If you see no rainbow now,
Keep a-going!
'Twill come back some tay, I vow!
Keep a-going!
Dimes cannot alvays pe plue;
De vill change some dime for you,
If you say: "I'm going to
Keep a-going!

HUMOROUS VERSE

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

As the Optimist Sees It

When salt went up I cut it out,
I really didn't need it;
If Indians did not use the stuff,
Why I could supersede it!

When beef went up I smiled and said,
"I'll be a vegetarian",
I picked right up and found a belle,
And then I married Marian!

Now spuds have gone way out of sight,
But life seems little blacker;
For rice can take their place with me,
With now and then a cracker!

The price of shoes can't bother me,
I never did like leather;
I'd rather wear a fibre shoe—
They're fit for any weather!

When prunes went on the rich man's list
(Of course that's common knowledge)
I had no kick—I tired of them
When I attended college!

I'd gladly ban and boycott eggs,
  Or let them be forgotten,
For oftentimes I have been fooled—
  I often found them rotten!

No matter how food prices soar,
  I always shall be able
To find a substitute somehow
  To put upon my table!

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST

The optimist a stack of straw
  Will call "a lot of wheat";
The pessimist good venison
  Will label "awful meat"!

The optimist with cheerful smile
  Enjoys his good rye bread;
The pessimist the loaf rejects,
  And fears 'twill strike him dead.

The optimist takes keen delight
  At every charity ball;
The pessimist each one abhors,
  And sits against the wall.

The optimist while at the beach
  Declares, "the water's fine!"
The pessimist complains and fumes,
  And dreads the chilly brine.

The optimist a sweet maid weds,
  With joy forevermore;
The pessimist remains aloof—
  A grouchy bachelor.

The optimist knows how to choose
A fond ideal wife;
The pessimist is soon divorced,
And leads a stormy life.

The optimist quails not at death,
For all, he knows, is well;
The pessimist turns pale and shakes—
He knows he's bound for—Russia!

BEFORE AND AFTER

Before a man is laid to rest
  In churchyard cold and bleak,
They say he is a "nincompoop"—
  A sluggard dull and weak;
But when they leave his flower-strewn bier,
  And close the coffin door,
They tell his deeds and crown with praise
  The man they scorned before.

The eulogies that now they give
  The cold unhearing dead;
The glowing tributes to his work,
  And to the life he led,
Might have been balm in moments past,
  And cheered the poor man on,
Till all the deeds they say he did
  He truly might have done!

For what man needs are hope and cheer;
  A handclasp and a smile;
So pass them out while he's alive,
  Not in the afterwhile.
But if the world to you denies
  These blessing you should glean,
Reflect that you could have them all
  If you should quit the scene!

Some day you might your passing feign,
And rest upon your bier;
Then listen to the mourners round,
And mark the praise you hear!
But if this trick suits not your taste,
For scorn have ears of lead;
If you would know how great you are,
Just wait until you're dead!

102 DEGREES IN THE SHADE

Somewhere it's cool tonight I know,
Somewhere the winter's winds do blow,
Somewhere the earth is lapped in snow,
Somewhere the blizzards on the go,
    Somewhere tonight.
Somewhere the country's wrapped in sleet,
Somewhere the prancing sleigh bells meet,
Somewhere a man could freeze his feet,
Somewhere they're rid of awful heat,
    Somewhere tonight.

Somewhere the snow has hid the spade,
Somewhere there's frozen lemonade,
Somewhere the ice is being made,
While I am panting in the shade
    Somewhere tonight.
Somewhere the frigid winds have met,
Somewhere the ice has froze and set,
I'd like to be there now you bet,
While I am pouring out this sweat—
    Somewhere tonight.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

When camping out we make our bed
  Of boughs thrown on the ground;
No pillow but a canvas bag,
  Or bunch of leaves we've found.
No coverlet but God's own sky,
  Yet what a peaceful sleep!
We've had no night so good since when
  As boys we herded sheep!

Mosquitoes come a-buzzing near
  And jab us with their sting;
We chide the ruffian who would dare
  To smite so blest a thing.
We mix with all the food we cook
  Of soil and leaves no dearth;
And cry as half-boiled trout we eat,
  "No better fish on earth!"

Flies are so thick and gnats so wild
  That all the livelong day
We swelter in mosquito-nets
  To keep the beasts away.
Our clothes are torn, our shoes a fright,
  Our limbs sore racked with pain;
Yet still we shout, "This is the life—
  Vacation time again!"

At home we have an Ostermoor
To grace our springy bed;
Silk pillow-slips with choicest down
Support our weary head;
The blankets, comforters and sheets,
The mattress and the spring,
Must be of best and latest mode,
For luxury's the thing!

And should mosquitoes near our couch,
How loudly would we rage!
Our language to the servant band
Would liven many a page.
Should speck or spot our china bear,
Or fish be poorly stewed,
We'd fire the clumsy crew at once
And start a household feud!

Should e'er a vicious fly our home
Of spotlessness invade,
We'd rave and rant, and order out
The swatters' light brigade.
Our clothes must always be in press;
Shoes free from dust or slime;
In camp the difference is this—
'Tis just vacation time!

"MORBUS SABBATICUS"

(The disease that affects men only on Sundays and at church time.)

Dis dread disease of which I speak
Comes ach! so often—vunce a veek,
Und never lasts more dan vun day,
Und den it leaves und goes its vay.
It comes unto der head household
(Dot iss der father of der fold)
Und though he slept mit health sublime,
Dis comes, I say, each veek on time!
It comes, you see, on Sunday morn—
Dot's ven dis ailment, Sir, iss born.
About der time der church-bells ring
Und peoples in der church all sing,
Dis ailment hits der man, ker-plink!
(He'd sleep in church, he'd nod und vink,
Because he feels like he vould die,
So sick he is ven church is nigh.)
But ven der sermon is half done
(He's stayed at home, dis sickly vun)
Dis ailment leaves—he's vell again—
Und has no feeling, ache, nor pain!
His dinner big he puts avay,
Un fills his stomach on dis day,
Und in der afternoon, by Schake,
He never vunce has half an ache!

He valks und rides und laughs sometime,
Schust like a man vot's in his prime;
But after supper's eaten up
So sick he is, schust like a pup,
He never vunce could go to church;
(He's swallowed some fish bone or perch)
Und thinks if he can vork next day,
He'd better stay at home to pray.
Der family leaves him all alone
(Vile he mit sickness oft doth groan)
Und ven der family's out of sight,
He seems some better, yaw, all right!
Dot night he sleeps, ah! Oh, so vell!
He does not know he had dis spell.
He never has no more a pain
Undil dose church-bells ring again;
Un den so sick, py Schimmany Schake,
He stays at home for "stomach's sake"!

TABLOID MOVIES

The Flood

A flood is raging fierce and wild
  Down the Mississippi River,
The people see a drowning child!
  With fright they stand and shiver.

A maiden fair leaps in the stream—
  The people gasp and madden—
To save the child, Oh, 'tis a dream!
  (Her name is Grace McFadden.)

She faces death a thousand times,
  A-making for the drowning,
The church bells strike—those saintly chimes—
  Then in leaps young Jack Browning!

The heroine has grabbed the child,
  But strength is quickly leaving—
She sinks to death in waters wild—
  The crowd stands mute and heaving.

The child and Grace are out of sight,
  A dive we see from Browning—
He finds them both in aqueous plight,
  And saves them all from drowning!

Right then it's dark—the picture's blurred—
The camera must be napping—
Though no one knows how it occurred,
The crowd is there a-clapping!

Since then the wedding bells have pealed,
(He married Grace McFadden)
The scars of all have long since healed
And movie fans all gladden!

TABLOID MOVIES

The Wreck

The Villain, on a railroad track
With train almost in view,
Has tied the Hero on his back—
Whatever can he do?

There's no escape—the Hero's doomed--
He strives to wriggle clear—
The engine closer now has loomed,
And all are filled with fear:

But no! not yet—the Heroine
Just in the nick of time,
Sweeps up amidst the whistle's din,
At the Movies for a dime.